

Twice a Month!



messing about in BOATS

Volume 7 ~ Number 1

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Commentary

BOB
HICKS

messing about in BOATS

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OUR GUARANTEE: IF AT ANY TIME YOU DO NOT FEEL YOU ARE GETTING YOUR MONEY'S WORTH, JUST LET US KNOW, WE'LL REFUND YOU THE UNFULFILLED PORTION OF YOUR SUBSCRIPTION PAYMENT.



Our Next Issue...

Will include some of those items promised for this one that didn't make it. The five pages of projects and designs have grown now to seven. The "Letters to the G.D. Times" and "Messing Around with a Sliding Seat" are ready to go. Then there are some new ones. "A Peace Corps Paddle" on marketing one's paddle concepts to Africans; "Stevie's First Trip", a six month old on his first canoeing adventure; "Expanding on a Folbot", a 24' camper cruiser from San Francisco Bay. I may (maybe) have a first hand report on a whitewater raft trip down New Hampshire's Swift River if the water cooperates. The handicap access article is still planned, so's the visit to "Adventure" (snowed out last time).

On the Cover...

Enjoying an early season row in a "Portugese Pram", at last year's Small Craft Weekend at Mystic Seaport, coming up again this June 3rd and 4th. Bob Elliott builds this 10' pram, he's at Pert Lowell Co., Lanes End, Newbury, MA 01951 if you're interested.

Here I am again, for the sixth time, to talk about how we're still here, six years and 144 issues down our course since launching in May of 1983. Yes, we are surviving, despite occasional qualms from readers who get their issues late, or miss one entirely. Somehow when that happens, the first reaction seems to be that maybe we've "folded". Little magazines do that with great frequency. The last couple of issues have been late going into the mail, my fault in part and the printer's too, so there's been more than the usual number of inquiries into our health.

Well, we're in good health. The past year was our best ever and this year is running ahead of that, so the growth curve is still positive, if of modest slope. No plateau yet, even. Not that I'm striving for any particular growth objective, other than it would be nice to get up around 3,000 subscribers (notice I did not say "readers", they're not the same thing). The nice thing about growth is that the product is still finding more new people to enjoy it than losing those who found we're not what they had hoped for.

Just got my "Small Boat Journal" in which they celebrated their 10th anniversary, getting out six issues a year. They had this photo in the back of their "staff", nice looking bunch of people. The bunch here is somewhat smaller, as is the publication. I'm glad I don't have to be concerned about keeping all those people busy.

I got started on this writing about boats in the very first "SBJ", their "pilot issue" back in March, 1979, with a story on a boat building course I took up on Mt. Desert Island in Maine, taught by Ed Davis, son of a local lobsterman and brother to others, who chose art and boatbuilding for himself instead. The editor then was Dave Getchell, Sr. and over the next few years Dave used a half-dozen of my articles, as did his successor, Jim Brown. But, that first incarnation of "SBJ" succumbed to financial burdens, after 18 issues it had lost a bundle of money. Another "little magazine" ready to fold. But Getchell and his publisher, Dave Jackson, found a new owner in Terry Ehrich, over in Bennington, VT, and "SBJ" was resurrected, revamped and revised into what it is today.

Well, the newer format had no place for my sort of stuff for the most part, so "Messing About in Boats" eventually came into being. One way to be sure to get your writing published is to own the publication. It's very nice to be

able to do this. And what has become even nicer has been being able to publish the writings of many others, readers with interesting stories to tell about messing about in boats that there's no room for in the national level magazines, like "SBJ" has become. So, it looks like I've found a niche, and you're making it possible for me to cling to it, with your subscriptions, your advertising and your articles.

After six years I really don't want to see this periodical "fold". It's been too much fun and still is. And what else can I do now? There's not a lot of opportunity out there for a free-lance sort of guy who's about to turn 60. Who wants to hire that sort, so close to retirement, so undisciplined and independent? So if maybe you get an issue or two late, or even if one doesn't show up, don't think it's because we've folded. It's not. It's just another screw-up in scheduling or in mail delivery. The 144 issues completed represent two each month over six years. None have been missed or skipped. The one you might have missed got lost in the mail and I replace it no questions, if you let me know.

No it doesn't get boring turning out 24 issues a year, nor do I suffer from deadline stress. If I miss what passes for a deadline here, your magazine is a few days late. Every magazine is physically the same, but most of what's inside is all new every two weeks, so how could I get bored? And the mail I get now, you people who trouble to write notes or send me articles make my day. The variety of interest and experience amongst you is fascinating, and many of you are much better writers than you credit yourselves as being.

So here we go off into our seventh year. My previous two efforts in publishing small magazines lasted eighteen and fourteen years respectively. They didn't fail at the end, I grew out of touch with the subject and found younger people to take them on and keep them going. So "Messing About in Boats" has plenty of life left on my track record. If I stay with it another eleven years to equal my previous longevity record, I'll be 70! I'll still have to do SOMETHING then, there's no retirement "bennies" in my life, and I don't see that being 70 creates any problems with keeping in touch with messing about in boats.

I thank you all who have so loyally supported my little magazine and assure you that there'll be plenty more to come, as long as enough of you continue to find it of interest.



your Commentary

AN HONOR ROLL OF FRIENDS

My plans for restoring the centerboard Rhodes 19 that was given to me a while ago have changed, as a friend has offered me an O'Day Mariner at a very affordable price, ready to go with all the gear. When I reviewed my costs for redoing the Rhodes, including the need to hire help to do the fiberglass work due to my allergic reactions to the resins, this seemed a reasonable alternative for a man in his 70's.

Accepting that original offer of the Rhodes was still one of the best things I ever did. Starting with the original donor, the friends who helped me bring it home, others who gave me a mast, rudder, tiller, stays and turnbuckles, a total of twenty-two friends and neighbors gave me help of some sort on the project. It was a heartening experience and I have made up an "honor roll" of all those who have helped.

I had a good winter doing over all the brightwork on the Rhodes in my shop, making plans, and on warmer days getting outside to mess about a bit on the hull. Now, with the acquisition of the Mariner, I have given the Rhodes to the son of a friend, and he is going ahead enthusiastically with the restoration. And he and his friends have offered to bring the Mariner to my home so I may do the spring fitting out.

So now I have a complete boat in which I can anticipate another summer of good sailing, but also a long list of proven friends in boating. It has been a great experience for me that began on January 2nd and will be treasured by me for years to come.

Ward Bell, Sea Cliff, NY

IDENTIFICATION PLEASE

I am generally happy with your mag. However, I do have one gripe. Many times as I read some article I find myself wondering what I'm reading about as you have no editorial notes identifying the sources and eras of the old reprint items. Such an editorial identification would be helpful.

Stephen Doherty, Moretown,

VT.

NEW COMMITTEE BOAT

My fleet has expanded. Although I gave my Phil Bolger "Eeek" away last fall, I don't lack for spring projects. The oars for the "Coho" need new leathers. The Bolger "Teal" needs to be painted out. I'm getting ready to varnish the hull on the "Appledore Pod" as soon as I finish a few small hull repairs. And last, but far from least, there's "Antiquity".

Last November, several of us former Bilgewater Regatta organizers accepted the gift of a 1940, 37' triple-cabin Chris Craft. It wintered at Pickering Wharf in Salem and we were able to resurrect both engines. Now the multitude of annual "small" touches required by a big wooden boat are crying for attention before she goes on a mooring for the summer.

With the appearance of this new committee boat to replace the late, lamented "Fluffernutter" (a 24' "Marbleheader power boat converted to a yawl rig), watch for a new, revitalized Bilgewater Regatta this July.

Andy Klickstein, Marblehead, MA.

YOU'VE REALLY DONE IT NOW

Okay, now you've really done it this time. First you had to run your "Cockleshell" feature and I had to build it. Not so bad, so far, but when you ran the article on "Caique" (March 1st) I melted. I can no longer control myself, I carry photographs of her wherever I go, I sail her in my dreams. I must build her.

Kidding aside, I must thank you for that very interesting article on a very interesting boat. I have sent for the plans and hope to be building her this year. There is, of course, one obstacle in the way, and that is the selling of my present Balboa sloop. So, see my ad in the "Classified Marketplace" in this issue.

Steve Mueller, E. Freetown, MA.

LOOKING FOR A PADDLE BOARD

When I was younger, I had a "paddle board" made of marine plywood. I sat or stood on it and paddled it with a double-ended paddle. It was perfect for small inland lakes. There was even a marina nearby that rented them by the hour. It was approximately 7' long, 2' wide and 3/4" thick. I guess it could be described as a "sit-on surfboard", but it had no skeg or fin.

I was hoping to purchase one already built but have been unable to locate any. I may have to build one, but would need some plans. Does any reader have any suggestions on this for me?

John Drake, 200 Hillwood Ct., Jerome, MI 49249.

CANOE SAILING BOOK

I have been working for years on a book about open canoe sailing and how to make rigs and rig canoes. One thing that has held me back has been the lack of illustrations. I thought if I could find someone to help me with photographs or other illustrations, I would be inspired to complete the book. I also thought of making a video of building a rig and rigging a canoe.

I am building rigs in my shop and really need someone who can come over during the week to take the photos. We'd also go out to the lake for on-the-water pictures.

The right person would learn to sail a canoe and have a lot of fun on the whole project. Any interested readers are invited to contact me for further discussions.

Larry Zuk, 189 Prairie St. Concord, MA 01742, (508) 369-6668.

GRANDFATHER'S SKIFF

On a visit to Nova Scotia I found a friend in Ingomar had found his grandfather's 18' double-ended lapstrake skiff in a barn and had done some work on the 75 year old craft. We mounted rudder and sail last fall and enjoyed a beautiful sail on the Atlantic. While I was there I also visited the famous boatyards on nearby Cape Sable Island.

David Doane, Beverly, MA.

WHAT GUTS!

I'm thoroughly enjoying "The Voyage of the Paper Canoe". What masterful understatement. What guts!

Bob Lloyd, Rumson, NJ

FLEET IS BREEDING

Once again I want to tell you how much I enjoy your magazine. I also enjoy the slicker magazines like "Wooden Boat", but "Messing About in Boats" is special in its simplicity, in your willingness to take a position without apology and in its generally light touch.

Like yours, my fleet seems to be breeding. At last count I think there were thirteen boats, only one of which (my Friendship Sloop) weighs over 100 pounds. It is time to clear out some space in the garage and cellar, so see my ad in the "Classified Marketplace" in this issue.

Jonathan Leavy, Newton, MA.

105
305
M580

NORTH AMERICAN SMALL BOAT SHOW

The Small Boat Show is back for 1989 on May 19th-21st at the Newport Yachting Center in Newport, Rhode Island. Show manager Abby Murphy again promises a wide variety of small boats of all types, power, sail, oar, paddle, etc. There'll also be various special events, including a "blessing of the fleet" on Sunday afternoon, wooden boatbuilding advice, Cajun cooking, and Coast Guard boating safety. Qualified visitors to the show can try out their preferences amongst many of the boats exhibited on the demo docks. More information on this 6th Annual North American Small Boat Show from (401) 846-1600.

MYSTIC KAYAK CLINIC

The Mystic Community Center will conduct a one-day coastal kayaking clinic at its facilities in Mystic, Connecticut on May 20th. Subjects to be covered include introductory material for beginners, paddle strokes, rescues, navigation, expedition planning and programs on local birds and the Connecticut coastal environment. Anyone interested in presenting a slide show on kayak tripping to interesting places (Alaska, Belize?) or who would like to present a program on kayak building is invited to come forward. Entry will be limited to 90 persons, so registration in advance is urged. On the Sunday after, some on-the-water local trips are planned from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. Contact the Mystic Community Center at (203) 536-6691 for information and registration.

PHILADELPHIA TSCA SPRING EVENTS

The Traditional Small Craft Association of the Philadelphia Maritime Museum has an early spring on-the-water event planned for Saturday, May 20th, the 8th Annual Circumnavigation of Petty's Island, starting at noon at Pyne Point Marine.

The TSCA meets monthly, usually at the Museum. For details on these events or about membership, inquire of the TSCA of the Philadelphia Maritime Museum, 321 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, PA 19106.

CANOE SAILING CLINICS

Two canoe sailing clinics will be conducted at Lake Cochituate in Framingham, MA, this spring, one on May 20th, the second on June 11th. Trying out new gear or obtaining basic experience in canoe sailing are purposes, any interested person is welcome. Larry Zuk, 189 Prairie St. Concord, MA 01742, (508) 369-6668. Larry is also available for instruction on weekdays, with his own rigs available, or in helping rig your own canoe. Beginners and experienced sailors are welcome to join him.

HAPPENINGS

NARRAGANSETT SEA KAYAK CLINIC

The Friends of Oceanography, an affiliate of the University of Rhode Island Graduate School of Oceanography, will host a sea kayaking clinic at URI's Bay Campus in Narragansett, RI, on May 28th, co-sponsored by the sea kayaking chapter of the Rhode Island Canoe Association, Baer's River Workshop, and Ocean State Paddling. Tom Derr, internationally famous designer and builder of Eddyline sea kayaks, will be instructing. Classroom and on-the-water sessions are scheduled. Two courses are also offered by the GSO on May 16-17 and 18-20. Baer's River Workshop, (401) 539-7695 for details on participation.

WORLD'S FLAG FLOTILLA

The International Canoe Federation flag will be carried up the Potomac River from St. Mary's City, Maryland to Cumberland from May 27 to June 14th in 19 daily stages, by a large variety of interesting boats, culminating at the 1989 World Whitewater Canoe & Kayak Championships on the Savage River. Craft included in the "Passage Up the Potomac" will include a reconstruction of the "Dove", the craft that brought the first settlers to Maryland; sailing craft and tall ships; war canoes; swan and dragon boats; an early steamship fore-runner, a Rumsey; colonial river flatboats; a C&O canal boat; and flatwater and whitewater canoes and kayaks. The sailing ships will stop at Washington, the smaller craft will be carried to the C&O Canal and paddled up to Carderock. If you wish to participate or volunteer to help, call the Flotilla Headquarters in McHenry, Maryland, (301) 387-4282.

WOOD IN BOATS

The theme for the 1989 20th Annual Small Craft Workshop at Mystic Seaport on June 3rd and 4th will be the wood used in building traditional small boats. Several speakers and demonstrations on choosing and working with boat-building woods will be featured. The usual opportunities to try out a wide variety of small boats brought to the meet by their owners, and the early Sunday morning cruise down the Mystic River to Mason's Island for breakfast, are again included. All-in weekend fee is \$28 (\$18 for Seaport members). For an application and information, write the Curatorial Dept., Small Craft Workshop, Mystic Seaport, P.O. Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355-0990.

SHIP MODEL MEETING & EXHIBIT

The Long Island Ship Model Society will host a joint meeting and model exhibit with the Ship Model Society of Northern New Jersey, The Connecticut Marine Model Society and the U.S.S. Constitution Model Shipwright Guild, at Mitchell College in New London, Connecticut, on June 3rd. The 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. program includes technical presentations and plenty of time for viewing the ship models on display, as well as lunch. There is a registration fee of \$22, please no "gatecrashers" hoping for a free look at the models. Bob Miller, 40 Victor Dr., E. Northport, NY 11731, (516) 499-7202.

DAY TRIPS WITH THE "SOURCE TO THE SEA"

Thirteen day trips for canoeists (and kayakers) will be part of the Merrimack River Watershed Council's annual "Source to the Sea" canoe expedition down the Merrimack River, scheduled from June 3rd through the 16th. Several require moderate white water skills. Each day trip will be led by experienced paddlers from the Appalachian Mountain Club. There is no fee to participate but those wishing to take part must have paddling experience. The final day, Newburyport to Salisbury, will be for sea kayaks only in the tidal estuary area. For a complete listing, M.R.W.C., 694 Main St., W Newbury, MA 01985-1206, (508) 363-5777, or 54 Portsmouth St., Concord, NH 03301-5486, (603) 224-8322. To register call the Visitor Center, Lowell National Historic Park, (508) 459-1000 weekdays 8:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.

SEA MUSIC FESTIVAL

The largest and longest running sea music festival in the western hemisphere will feature over 40 different musicians and groups at Mystic Seaport June 9th to 11th. The Seaport waterfront becomes an open air stage for the celebration of traditional music of the sea with daytime and evening concerts. A highlight this year will be a French quintet specializing in the music of Brittany. Noon to 5 pm performances are open to all who have paid regular Seaport admission. The evening concerts are \$7 for Friday or Saturday, and a special weekend ticket at \$30 is offered. Festival, Mystic Seaport, P.O. Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355-0990.

"SAIL FOR SIGHT"

A "Sail for Sight" regatta is planned for June 8th in Baltimore Harbor as part of the Baltimore In-The-Water Boat Show opening celebrations, starting at 6 p.m. The race will raise money for world-wide research on the particular form of blindness known as Retinitis Pigmentosa. About thirty PHRF rated boats will take part, with the \$50 registration per boat going to the RP Foundation in Baltimore. Baltimore In-The-Water Boat Show, P.O. Box 4997, Annapolis, MD 21403, (301) 268-8828.

BEAN'S CANOE SYMPOSIUM

The North American Canoe Symposium is on for June 9-12 at Camp Winona in Bridgeton, ME, at a \$60 per person pre-registration fee. A detailed brochure is available from Bean, call them for one at (800) 341-4341, ext. 7800.

MOOSEHEAD ROWING REGATTA

Maine's most northerly rowing event will take place on June 10th at 11 a.m. at the Greenville Jct. town wharf on Moosehead Lake. The Moosehead Recreation Committee is hosting the event to help introduce the sport of rowing to the area. All types of rowing craft will be welcome to race or just cruise. Prizes are rather nice, free whitewater rafting trips, free floatplane rides, free cruises on the restored Moosehead steamer "Katahdin". Betsy Rockwell, P.O. Box 262, Greenville Jct., ME 04442, (207) 695-2680 for further details.

MOSHULU CUP RACE

The 6th annual Moshulu Cup Race will be held on the Delaware River in greater downtown Philadelphia and Camden on June 10th. It has become the most popular such sailing event on the river in its short history, with over 40 larger sailing craft competing over the full two lap 10 mile course up and down the River and a dozen small craft taking part in the short course event. Sailboat racing on the relatively narrow, busy river is quite a challenge. The event is named in honor of the "Moshulu", a 1904 Scottish built, German owned iron clipper ship used in the grain trade, active until 1939 when she was seized by the Germans for World War II mine storage. Today "Moshulu" is a restaurant on the Philadelphia waterfront and the start/finish and race banquet headquarters. The Moshulu Race Cup Committee can be reached at (609) 966-1352.

CHARLES RIVER REGATTA

On June 11th a rowing regatta will take place over a buoied Olympic rowing course on Boston's Charles River to benefit the Children's Hospital. The Bank of Boston has donated the course buoys. Spectating from the Charles River Esplanade will be excellent. A variety of classes for the less serious competitors who will not be in Albany for the Northeast Regionals will include Alden shells, parent/child and mixed doubles and fours, singles stake races, celebrity, corporate and fitness club challenges, adaptive and fixed seat events. Race time is at 11 a.m. SASE to Dan Bakowski, Charles River Regatta Trust, Inc., 75 Federal St. Boston, MA 02110. USRA individual membership is required.

WORLD WHITEWATER CHAMPIONSHIP

June 15th through the 25th will find world class whitewater competitors in action on the Savage River in western Maryland at the first World Whitewater Championships to be held in the U.S.A. It's a bit complicated to attend as no parking is available at the location, and bus or train shuttle trips take up to 50 minutes to get you there. Opening ceremonies are on the 15th, the World Championships on the 17th and 18th, and the Slalom World Championships on the 23rd-25th. Complete schedule and fees information is available. Whitewater Championships, Inc., P.O. Box 689, McHenry, MD 21541, (301) 387-4282.

ACA NATIONAL POLING CHAMPIONSHIPS

Canoe poling enthusiasts, expert to beginner, will assemble at New Hope, Pennsylvania, on June 16-18 at the Lambertville Dam on the Delaware River for the ACA National Championships in wildwater and slalom poling. Practice is on the 16th. Harry Rock, (201) 769-5345.

BOATBUILDERS GATHER AGAIN AT CLEARWATER

Once again small boatbuilders are invited to gather at Clearwater's Great Hudson River Revival on the campus of the Westchester Community College in Valhalla, New York. The dates are June 17th and 18th. There is no charge for participation. Arrangements must be made in advance, however, contact Stan Dickstein for registration forms at the Clearwater Boat Committee, 112 Market St., Poughkeepsie, NY 12601, (914) 454-7951.

WILDERNESS CANOE TRIP IN LAPLAND

Alf Elvestad, proprietor of Pakboats in Enfield, NH, is leading his annual summer vacation expedition to his native land of northern Norway and Lapland, July 9th to 20th. Alf and Linda will take up to eight qualified canoeists on this trip on streams and lakes far north of the Arctic Circle, finishing up with a stay at his family's 100 year old farmhouse. Anyone wishing to take part must be comfortable paddling in Class III whitewater and in living in a wilderness environment with its attendant need for self-reliance. The cost is \$1065, and if you wish to include purchase of one of Alf's folding 16-1/2' Pak Canoes used on the trip, you can do so at an added cost of only \$760 (regularly \$1360). A detailed day-by-day itinerary is available from Pakboats, P.O. Box 700, Enfield, NH 03748, or call Alf or Linda to discuss details at (603) 632-7654. Deadline for joining up is June 1st.

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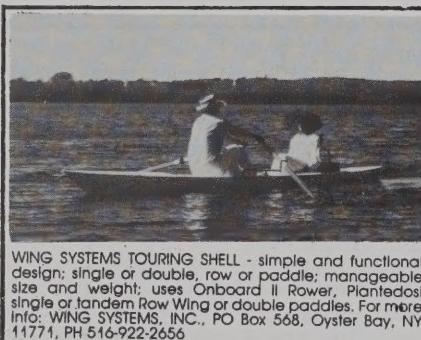
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SHIPYARD MUSEUM BOATBUILDING SCHOOL

Opening courses for the 1989 Boatbuilding School sponsored by the Shipyard Museum in Clayton, NY, are the following:

Tool Maintenance & Sharpening, May 25th, 7-9 p.m. OR May 27th, 10-12 a.m. No limit, no materials fee, tuition \$20.

Plane Making, June 2nd, 7 p.m. AND June 3rd at 10 a.m. Limit of six, \$15 materials fee, tuition \$50.

Nautical Refinishing with Varnish, June 9th at 7 p.m. THROUGH June 11th at 10 a.m. Limit of ten, no materials fee, tuition \$100.

Oar and Paddle Making, June 16th at 7 p.m. AND June 17th at 10 a.m. Limit of six, \$20 materials fee, tuition \$50.

Wood Bending, June 23rd at 7 p.m. AND June 24th at 10 a.m. Limit of eight, no materials fee, tuition \$50.

Registration forms are available from the Shipyard Museum Boat School, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624.

WOODEN BOAT SCHOOL'S IN SESSION

The 1989 Wooden Boat School gets underway in June and here's the calendar of courses for the month:

June 11-17.

Alumni Boat Week, past students return to help set up for '89.

Loft and Build a Canoe Mold with Rollin Thurlow.

Rigging with Brion Toss.

Marine Surveying with Giffy Full.

Cruising Boat Seamanship with Len Hornick on board the "Mary Harrigan".

June 18-24.

Building the Maine Guide Canoe with Jerry Stelmok.

Rigging with Brion Toss.

Elements of Seamanship with John Blatchford.

Cruising Boat Seamanship with Len Hornick on board the "Mary Harrigan".

June 18-July 1.

Fundamentals of Boatbuilding with Greg Rossel.

June 25-July 1.

Instant Boats with Dynamite Payson.

Rigging II with Brion Toss.

Craft of Sail with Roger & Mary Duncan on board "Eastward".

For a complete catalog, Wooden Boat School, P.O. Box 78, Brooklyn, ME 04616.

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INTERNATIONAL DORY RACES

International dory races between Gloucester and Nova Scotia teams in traditional Grand Banks dories will take place in Gloucester, Massachusetts, on Saturday, June 17th at the Head of the Harbor. On June 3rd local Gloucester eliminations will be held off Niles Beach. The Cape Ann Rowing Club can help you with details if you'd like to see these events, call them at (508) 546-9022.

HARRISON STREET REGATTA

Midday on June 18th is the time for the 4th Annual Harrison Street Regatta for apartment-size boats in Manhattan. The location will be at Pier 26 between Leight and N. Moore Sts. There is no ramp, so any boat to be used must be carried to the water by one or two people. In past years the largest craft to appear has been a canoe. The event is open to anyone who cares to drop by.

SCALE MODEL BOAT FESTIVAL

The Minuteman Model Yacht Club's Scale Model group will host a major scale model boat event on June 18th, starting at 9 a.m., at Jamaica Pond in Boston with participants from many area model building clubs. All classes of sail and scale models, radio control and not, are welcomed, this is not a racing event with prizes but some contests will take place. For further details and directions, Joe Perez at (617) 522-4981.

TRADITIONAL SMALL CRAFT SUMMER RACING SERIES

The "Boathouse" livery at Mystic Seaport and the Noank Wooden Boat Association are cosponsoring a summer racing series near the Seaport for traditional small craft, starting June 20th and running through August. The Boathouse, Mystic Seaport, (203) 572-0711, ext. 233 or 272.

CANCE SAILING EVENTS

Area canoe sailors have scheduled two cruises and three races in New England this season, starting off June 23-25 with a cruise from Sebascodegan Island in Maine, consisting of day trips in the area. Camping at the leader's cottage is available, possibly some extra canoes may also be available. Costs and duties will be shared. John Ward, 1 Starlight Ave., Chelmsford, MA 01824, (508) 256-4981.

RANGELEY LAKE CANOE TRIP

Maine Outdoors of Union, Maine, registered Maine Guides, has a three-day canoe trip scheduled for July 10th-12th in the Rangeley Lakes region of western Maine. A limit of six people can be accommodated, at \$250 per person all-in for everything. For reservations or further details, Maine Outdoors, RR 1 Box 3770, Union, ME 04862, (207) 785-4496.

BOSTON SEA KAYAK CLUB OUTINGS

Three outings are planned for June by the Boston Sea Kayak Club, as follows:

June 3-4. Beginner trip in Salem (MA) Sound, 5-7 miles on the 3rd, intermediate trip of 9-11 miles on the 4th. Do both if you like. Dave Anderson, (617) 391-5954.

June 10. Day trip off Harpswell Center, Maine. Mark Sorensen, (508) 376-5175.

June 25. Intermediate day trip of 9-11 miles on Plum Island Sound, from Pavilion beach, Ipswich. Dave Anderson, (617) 391-5954.

Membership in the Boston Sea Kayak Club is only \$3 annually, John Callahan, 14 Phebe Ave., Lowell, MA 01854, (508) 454-6119.

DORY DAY TRIPS

The Cap Cod Viking Ocean Dory Rowing Club of Centerville, Massachusetts, has a full schedule of summer day trips on Saturdays for persons interested in coastal rowing on the Cape.

June 3. Lewis Bay Tour, Hyannis area.

June 17. Osterville/Dead Neck area.

July 1. Monument Beach area.

Rain, fog or high winds will result in postponement of scheduled trips to the following Saturdays. For a complete list and details on launching locations, Mike Orbe, 992 Bumps River Rd., Centerville, MA 02632, (508) 420-5487 or Jon Aborn, 28 Old Bridge Rd., Buzzards Bay, MA 02532, (508) 759-9786.

RIHODE ISLAND CANOEING

The Rhode Island Canoe Association has regularly scheduled outings. Non-members are welcome to join in. Those for June are as follows:

June 10. Blackstone River. Chick Noreau, (401) 724-4236.

June 17. Wood River. Betsy Mitchell, (401) 364-6290.

June 24. Great Swamp. Charlie Allsworth, (401) 647-2293.

BOATBUILDING WORKSHOPS AT SOUTH STREET

South Street Seaport in New York City has scheduled several intensive weekend boatbuilding workshops for those interested in learning the fundamentals of wooden boatbuilding. Resident builder Mike Bull will conduct these workshops on May 19-21, and June 23-25.

Also at South Street, on June 17th, Glenn Braun will conduct a one-day workshop on building a ship model in a bottle. Chosen vessel is the Museum's 1893 fishing schooner, "Lettie G. Howard". Reservations for the course, (\$12 fee) at (212) 669-9416.

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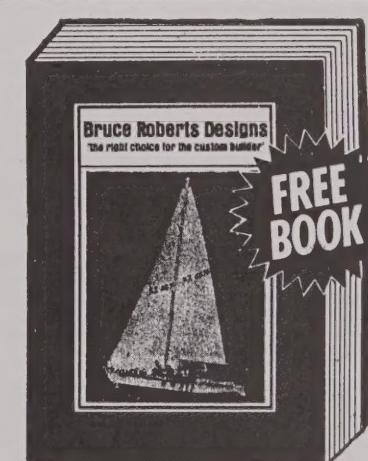
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SEBAGO CANOEING & KAYAKING

The Sebago Canoe Club of Brooklyn, NY, offers a variety of outings and courses for paddlers and would-be paddlers.

Three basic canoeing courses are offered this season, scheduled to begin May 16th, June 14th and July 12th. The July course is for parent/child teams, children 12 to 17 years of age. These courses include a weekday evening classroom and orientation meeting and weekend on-the-water training at Lake Sebago. Fees are \$55 for May, and \$75 for the June and July courses. Jerry Horn, (718) 332-7230.

A fundamentals of kayaking course is scheduled for July 30th and Labor Day Weekend. Jerry Horn, (see above).

Canoe sailing courses begin June 1st, of similar basis, classroom and on the water, running through June 17th. The fee for this is also \$75. Bert Krancer, (718) 788-3416.

Outings for the coming month are as follows:

May 20th-21st. Sea kayaking weekend in Delaware Bay area with overnight camping. Zach Abrams, (718) 434-5785, or Chuck Sutherland, (215) 453-9084.

June 10th-11th. Paddle, row or sail the Norwalk Islands in Long Island Sound. Bob & Elsie, (203) 838-5907.

June 18. George Service Trophy Sailing Race, Series #1.

June 25. Sailing cruise in Jamaica Bay. Bert Krancer, (718) 338-0116.

July 8. Kayak and canoe the Hudson River near Storm King Mt. and Bannerman Island. Josef Fischer, (718) 0862.

The club would like to see its two 25' "Canot Du Nord" war canoes used more. Most use has been by organized groups. Perhaps painting them with Indian designs would make them a more attractive craft for use. Dennis Quigley would like to hear from interested persons, (212) 260-7254.

The Sebago Canoe Club is located at Paerdegat Basin, Foot of Ave. "N", Brooklyn, NY 11236.

ACA CANOE CRUISES

The New England Division of the ACA has canoe cruises scheduled throughout the season. Coming up this month are the following:

May 20. Quinebaug River (10 miles), Wauregan to Butts Bridge. CT.

June 3. Contoocook River, (12 miles) Peterborough to Bennington. NH.

June 24. Otter Creek (12 miles), Weybridge to Vergennes. VT.

Gary Point, (401) 246-1356.

METROPOLITAN CANOE & KAYAK CLUB

The Metropolitan Canoe & Kayak Club of Brooklyn, New York, offers a host of ongoing weekly activities for paddlers, ranging from comprehensive instruction programs to all sorts of outings. Non-members are invited to all club events.

If you are interested in any of the instruction programs, request the MCKC Instruction Schedule for 1989. They offer whitewater, downriver and sea kayaking courses, and fundamental and advanced courses for canoeists.

May 16. General membership meeting. Eric Klein, (718) 871-2440.

May 17. Moonlight cruise. Eric Klein, (718) 871-2440.

May 20. Housatonic River, Class II. Andy Laiosa, (212) 798-5442.

May 20. Lehigh River, Class II-III. Ron Augustine, (201) 869-7280.

May 20-21. Connecticut River, MA. Bob Huszar, (212) 228-7793.

May 24. Moonlight cruise. Eric Klein, (718) 871-2440.

May 26-28. Camping, canoeing, kayaking. Judie Stark, (201) 377-9124.

June 3. Canoe Jamboree, Turkey Swamp Park. Jersey Paddler, (201) 458-5777.

June 3-4. Adirondack Whitewater. Eric Klein, (718) 871-2440.

June 3-4. Adirondack cruise, Lake Champlain. Bob Huszar, (212) 228-7793.

June 3-4. Esopus Creek. Dave Pugh, (201) 560-8423.

June 7,9-11. Basic canoeing instructor workshop for Red Cross certification. Eric Klein, (718) 871-2440

June 10-11. Adirondack whitewater. Eric Klein, (718) 871-2440.

June 10-11. Adirondack cruise, Mohawk River/Canal. Bob Huszar, (212) 228-7793.

June 14. Moonlight cruise. Eric Klein, (718) 871-2440.

June 14, 17, 24-25. Fundamentals of canoeing course. Eric Klein, (718) 871-2440.

June 15. Moonlight cruise. Chris Nielsen, (201) 584-6022.

June 17-18. Sea kayaking camping. Eric Klein, (718) 871-2440.

June 18. American Rivers Month cruise. Chris Nielsen, (201) 584-6022.

June 19, 23-25. Sea kayaking course. Eric Klein, (718) 871-2440.

June 21. Moonlight cruise. Jane Ahlquist, (718) 871-5387.

June 30-July 2. Canoeing and kayaking camping. Judie Stark, (201) 377-9124.

NISSEQUOGUE RIVER CANOE CLUB

The Nissequogue River Canoe Club is located in the Northport, NY, area on Long Island and conducts a number of outings throughout the year. Events scheduled for May and June are as follows:

May 21. Peconic River, explore Long Island. Marion Marchesi, (516) 997-3448.

May 20-21. River training workshop. Joe Spahalski, (516) 587-5468.

May 27-28. Toms River, NJ, Pine Barrens, Class I. Camping. George & Mary Ellen Jones, (516) 265-1773.

May 27-29. Harpers Ferry, WV. Many clubs gather for various levels of whitewater. Rich Bousquet, (516) 673-0558.

May 29-June 2. Pokemoke River, MD, Class I. Camping. George & Mary Ellen Jones, (516) 265-1773.

June Weekday Evenings. Explore Oyster Bay Harbor and the Bayville shore of Long Island. Small groups, tandem only. Dorothy Reinhard, (516) 364-1050.

June 1-3. Wood River, RI. Class 1. Limited to 6 canoes. Lou Marchesi, (516) 997-3448.

June 7. Club meeting, Northport, NY H.S. Joe Spahalski, (516) 587-5468.

June 11. Delaware River raft race. Jim Seyler, (609) 587-3741.

June 17. Peconic River, Connecticut Avenue to Riverhead. Neil Grossman, 7 Debbie Ct. Dix Hills, NY 11746 (SASE please).

CCRA RACING

The Connecticut Canoe Racing Association has the following events scheduled:

MAY 20. Housatonic Whitewater Weekend, State Whitewater Championship, Housatonic River, Falls Village, CT. W.R. Tingley, (203) 364-5321.

MAY 21. Housatonic Whitewater Slalom, Housatonic River, W. Cornwall, CT. Mark Clarke, (203) 435-0350.

MAY 21. Quinnipiac Downriver Classic, Quinnipiac River, Meriden, CT. Steve Theriault, (203) 628-9473.

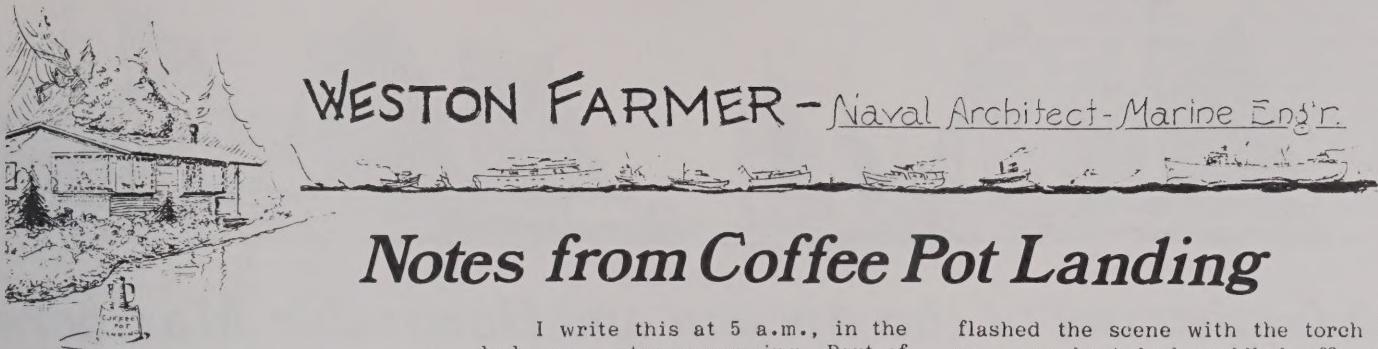
MAY 21. Wood River Poling Clinic, RI. Manny Point, (401) 539-7248.

MAY 27. New England Divisional Poling Championships, Farmington River, Unionville, CT. Ed Migliorisi, (203) 879-4515.

JUNE 3. King Philip Cup (14 miles flatwater), Farmington River, Farmington, CT. Gerald Desimas, (203) 693-8813.

JUNE 17-18. Shetucket River weekend (14 miles flatwater), Natchaug, Willimantic and Shetucket Rivers, Willimantic, CT. Picnic cruise on the 17th, racing on the 18th. Sue Audette, (203) 456-0558.

JUNE 25. Great Pachaug Canoe Race, (8 miles flatwater), Hopewell Park, Griswold, CT. Bob Bromley, (203) 376-4009.



WESTON FARMER - Naval Architect-Marine Eng'r.

Notes from Coffee Pot Landing

ED. NOTE: We've published a number of design articles by Weston Farmer over the past half-dozen years, enchanted by his grasp of what messing about in boats meant as well as by the designs he created. Today many of his plans are still available from his widow, Mary (Weston) Farmer Associates, 18970 Azure Rd., Wayzata, MN 55391).

A close friend of the Farmers, Tom Beard of Port Angeles, Washington, has been helping with the preservation of Westy's work. And, Tom is now embarked on a project of collecting and publishing the many letters Westy wrote over some 60 years. Tom explains this as follows:

"E. Weston Farmer wrote his first magazine article at the age of 16. He did not stop writing until his death 62 years later. Many knew him as a naval architect and in his later years he was widely read in maritime periodicals. His professional career as a naval architect began in New York City during the middle '20's. He quickly switched to writing as the first editor, at age 24, of "Modern Mechanics", "How to Build Twenty Boats", "Modern Mechanics Flying Manual" and "Pac Mag".

Westy was schooled in naval architecture with a degree in engineering. He apprenticed during his youth as a boat builder. His love was anything mechanical. However, the typewriter eventually became his most influential tool. He began his day early, at 4 a.m., by writing letters. These letters were sounding boards for ideas leading to articles, and headaches for editors. Westy rated "poseurs" as society's greatest enemies, with uninformed editors a close second. With his typewriter, Westy skewered those who failed boating's truths, and told the boating public what messing about in boats really was all about."

Tom would very much like to hear from anyone who has had correspondence with Westy. The Farmer family has provided him with all their files of his writings, but there are many, many more of his letters out there. Contact Tom Beard, 1002 Mt. Pleasant Rd., Port Angeles, WA 98362, (206) 452-9940 if you can help.

I write this at 5 a.m., in the dark, on a stormy morning. Part of me has just died.

Two of my fleet of beloved small boats have been lost to the surf on the beach here at Coffee Pot Landing. I have fought for them until drenched and frozen in icy water, near to cardiac failure, but I could not save them from surf combering 100 feet from crest to crest. Again, like lots of other men, I have been overwhelmed by the incredible weight, the force, of water.

This has happened to thousands of other men under worse conditions of dark and wave and cold. But I have just come indoors, while my two girls are victims of my negligence. I record the sense of guilt a man feels when carelessness proves him a traitor to the welfare of something he has loved.

I awoke at 2:30 a.m. with a strong sense of alarm. An easterly had developed into a gale, driving rime and spray against the cottage windows so peltingly hard the windowsills indoors were pools. Three of my five boats had been hauled for the winter and were safe. The other two were twenty feet from the beach when I went to sleep. As I

flashed the scene with the torch I saw one boat had waddled off out beyond the undertow line. The wind took her away. She is gone into the night. The other now fights for her life, punched full of holes, her bowline tense and strung tenaciously to a birch stump. But she won't last.

When a man loses a boat, and she has lifted him over many a hazardous crest, has carried him in sunny times to adventure in new coves, has responded to being coddled by good care, and has given days of blue and gold, part of the soul of her skipper is in her, and when she is stricken, part of his own life is lost.

All of this is above and beyond material loss. You say to hell with the money. It is not dollars that are thought of, it is the miracle of life, as represented by her soul, that rips out one's heart when you have to abandon her. A fellow feels he has failed a beloved person.

That is what brings smoke to the eyes, why part of me has just died.

Westy, Coffee Pot Landing, Isle Royale, Grand Portage, Minnesota.

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CONCLUSION

A Gathering of the Ancient and Honorable Mariniers

Story & Illustrations by Tom

We awoke at 0700 to the aroma of hash-and-eggs, coffee and toast.



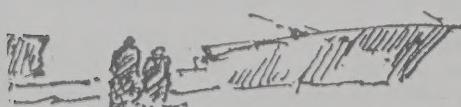
0700

"We have a little time so we'll go ashore and see the island," the Captain said.



LITTLE BEAST

He put the outboard beast on the skiff. "No more rowing," he declared. We motored ashore. The Captain went off looking for charts. The boy and I looked over the boats in the slips along the dock. I looked at the sailboats. They were either too big, too new, too racy, or too luxurious. The boy found what he liked. It was a long sleek speedboat with two of the biggest engines on its transom that I have ever seen.



"Now that's what I call a boat," the boy announced admiringly. "I could boogie in that and nothing would pass me."

"Only something shot out of a cannon," I said. "What about sailing?"

"What about sailing?" the boy giggled.

Later we met up with the Captain. He couldn't find charts. "Whole damn island is changing.

Tearing down, building up. Anything stay the same anymore? They sell every piece of junk they can get their hands on. Nothing practical, just junk," he grumbled.

We returned to the boat. "Get out the charts lads and give us a course to New London. That's our destination. When we're there you'll see some of the finest sailing craft of the last hundred years."



FOR NEW LONDON

I responded with an inner cheer. The boy giggled. We raised the sails, cast off and motored out of the harbor. No one could hear anyone over the noise from the motor.

"Look at me when you speak," the Captain would shout. "I have to see what you say."

There was a fair wind for sailing outside and thankfully the devilish beast was shut off. We enjoyed the melodious sounds of the sea, the ship and the wind. We made for Fisher's Island, rounded its eastern point and entered Fisher's Island Sound.

"I've never been in these waters before," the Captain said with a worried concern in his voice, "so keep a sharp lookout." The sea was calm, the wind steady and the visibility excellent. Yet, the Captain acted as though these were dangerously uncharted waters. I kept at the chart plotting our position and the boy worked the spy, playing it like pac man. We passed between Groton Point on the mainland and Clay Point on the island like it was Scylla and Charybdis, the two legendary monsters who sank ships that passed through the straits between Italy and Sicily.



SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS

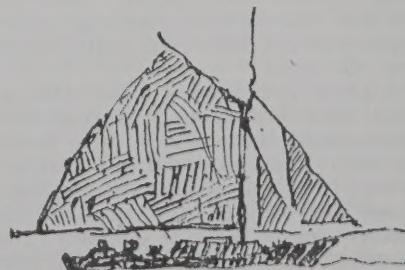
The Captain relaxed only when we spotted the lighthouse at the mouth of New London harbor. It was a quaint little Victorian house rising directly out of the water, looking like it had just been carried over from Merry-Old-England,



MERRY OLD ENGLAND

fell off the boat and left where it landed. The city of New London was on our port. I expected it to be just like Old London. When we would go ashore, I imagined we would find Charing Cross, Billingsgate, Picadilly Circus, Fleet Street, Cheapside, Rotten Row and Drury Lane. Another London. We had fled the motherland, only to carry all of its old baggage along with us.

We approached the Yacht Club dock motoring, with the sails drawing in the shifting wind. Orders came voluminously from the Captain. "Tighten up on the outhaul.



SMARTLY NOW-

Luff the jib. Bring in the stays'l a dight. Coming about. Smartly now." I realized this was for the benefit of the spectators.

"She's a hundred years old," the Captain shouted proudly to the crowd on the pier, "and every bit of her is authentic." We did a pirouette before their astonished eyes. Then the Captain shouted, "We're down for the Ancient Mariners' Regatta. Is there a mooring we can take?"

"No," was the curt reply from an attendant.

"There must be a mooring available. We're expected."

"There's nothing. You'll have to anchor," was the answer.

"What kind of courtesy is that?"

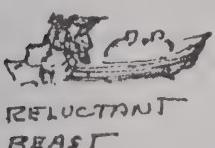
"Anchor," the attendant said, and turned away.

We found a place among a nest of power boats and anchored at 1630. The motor was finally shut off and the sails dropped.



IN THE NEST

The boy and I pulled the dinghy up from astern while the Captain pulled the little beast out again and attached it to the stern of the dinghy. The gas can was put aboard and we climbed aboard. The Captain pulled the starter cord. Nothing happened. He pulled again, and again, and again.



"I can row," I suggested.

"No one rows aboard my boat in harbor." Thirty pulls and the motor whimpered. Thirty-seven and it started.

"Cast off." When we do, it stalls. Twenty more pulls and it starts. It races and we charge erratically through the moored boats and up on the beach. In the clubhouse, the Captain asks the Commodore, "Where do we sign up for the race?"

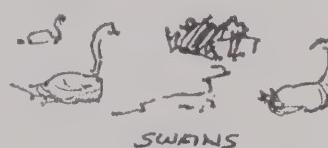
"What race?" is the reply.

"My God, the Ancient Mariners' Race."

"Know nothing about it."



While the flustered Captain educates the Commodore about the memorable event, I find a shower and the boy finds a phone to call his parents. We meet up on the beach, from where swans follow our stammering dinghy back to the boat. The boy rewards them with



SWANS

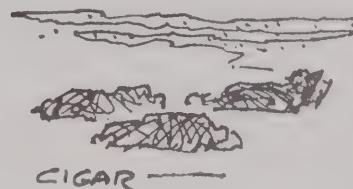
biscuits. We have lunch while the Captain entertains us with stories of his nautical adventures in the boat, concluding with, "This boat will be yours one day, boy. It's been good to me, it'll be good to you." The boy looks perplexed.

"What the hell will he do with this boat?" I ask myself, remembering his fascination with the speedboat. The sun sets and I take the dinghy for a row.

"Have fun, lad," the Captain says.

The silence and the solitude of the small boat is comforting. When I return to the boat later there are four captains in the cockpit. All smoking cigars and as drunk as they could get in that short time. They were admiringly extolling one another's achievements and abilities.

It went on. I went below. The boy was asleep. I lay in my bunk and heard the bull session break up. Soon the Captain stumbled down the hatch mumbling, "Gonna rain." He slammed the hatch tight, then lay in his bunk and smoked his cigar, filling the cabin with smoke, chuckling over the stories he hadn't told yet. Too tired to care, I fell asleep.



CIGAR —

"0800, out of the sack, lads," the Captain rousted us out. "Jesus jumped-up Christ, let's get this mess cleaned up." Topside there were rum bottles and coke cans, plastic cups and beer cans, cigar stubs and matches. The clean up and the breakfast with more of the Captain's nautical narratives brought us dangerously close to the time of the start of the race.

We started the motor-beast, cast off, then set sail when clear of the mooring area. We motor-sailed down the main channel to the city pier, where we anchored again.

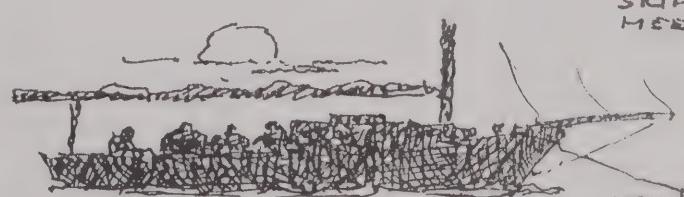
"I'm going ashore," the Captain announced.

"Should we come too?" I asked.

"No, this is a skipper's meeting."



Skipper's
MEETING



FOUR CAPTAINS

"I got to admire you for building your own boat," one captain would say.

"Well, I had tools," another replied.

"You built yours without tools, a third offered.

"I had help and a place to build, you didn't."

"I just restored mine."

"Sometimes that's harder than building one."

So the boy and I stayed aboard and watched the other ancient boats assemble around us. It was a strange assemblage indeed. A



OTHERS

launch picked up the Captain, took him ashore, and brought him back a little later. He handed me the instructions.

"Read these, they're your responsibility."

I thought to myself that it would have been much easier if I had gone ashore and heard what was said. He was probably too busy telling stories to have heard anything. I began reading.

"Set the topsail," the Captain ordered. "Hop to it, we haven't got much time. Haul up the main and jib. Cast off. Coming about. Let go the jibsheet. What do the instructions say about the start?"

"I haven't read them yet, haven't had time."

"Damn it, I can't do everything," the Captain complained. "A flag is up on the committee boat, what is it?"



DAMN IT.

"Blue."

"That means ten minutes to start."

"The instructions say five," I reply.

"Ten minutes," he insists. "Plot the course and give me range and bearing. We've got to work together, lads. Coil that line. Harden up on the main. Coming about. Let the jibsheet go. Not that one, boy, that's the stays'l."

"I can't tell the difference," the boy replies.

"The red flag is up, that's the start!" I yell.



RED FLAG

"It can't be," the Captain says.

The starting gun is heard. All the boats head for the line. We are running the line on a close reach. We have good speed and only have to head up to cross the line with a perfect start.

"Great start," I shout. We're in the lead, but the boat begins to fall off. I look around and find that the Captain is not at the wheel. I rush back and grab the wheel..

"Let it go," he says, "this boat steers itself."



STEERS HERSELF

"But other boats are getting to windward of us."

"That doesn't mean nothing, we're faster."

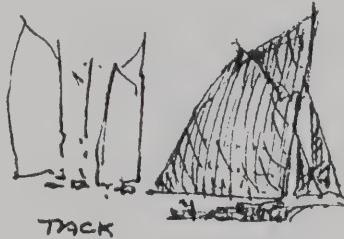
The wind lightens as we make for the harbor entrance buoy. "I've got them all covered," the Captain laughs maniacally. A larger boat pulls alongside to windward.

"We've got him in the hopeless position, he can't pass us, we're backwinding his mainsail. Just stay on course," I say getting carried away.

"Who's captain of this boat? You want to take the wheel?" the Captain asks.

"Just offering advice," I say.

"Luff the sails and prepare to tack."



TACK

"What? You'll let them take the lead!"

We luffed up and tacked over, letting the whole fleet go by. I couldn't believe it. I was about to scream angrily, "You just let the whole fleet escape, we're not in this race anymore, we're on a flyer." But, I remembered in time that the hardest thing to do in this world is to keep your mouth shut.

"Where am I? Find my latitude and longitude," the Captain commanded me.

I couldn't contain my anger. "I'm not playing with that God-damned voodoo box!"

"I have to know where I am," the Captain said desperately.

"You're right by the entrance buoy," I said through clenched teeth, pointing to the offending object.



POSITION

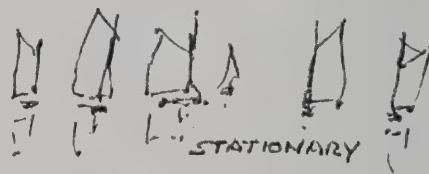
"Not satisfied," the Captain states authoritatively, "I want to know exactly where I am."

"Bullshit," I growl. The boy plays with the spy and finds the lat and long. The flooding tide is now stronger than the wind.

"We are approximately one mile from the first mark," the boy says. "Doing .06 knots, and in the last 30 minutes we made good 6/100ths of a mile." A distant fog horn heckles us.

"Plot the T.D. lad, I've got the lead boat scared. He's pinching like hell. Work with me lads, I'm trying to keep this boat moving."

We're as stationary as the channel buoy beside us. The radio announces that the race is canceled.



"What?" the Captain shouts. "I've got this race won. Get our lat and long boy and I'll radio the other boats and tell them to take theirs. We'll see who's won this race!"

"You can't win a race without rounding all the marks properly and going over the finish line," I declare.

"The racing doesn't matter, lad, just that we're having fun. That's all that matters. Got the lat and long and time, boy?"

"Yes."

"Good, I'll radio the other boats. Even if somebody's ahead of us they have to work in our handicap."

"How is that determined?"

"By a little cheating."

"I've concluded that all racing is an involved process of cheating and that there is very little sportsmanship in sports."

"The racing doesn't matter."

"No, the cheating does."

"You've got to enjoy it, lad," the Captain laughed.

The beast roared and we motored back to the anchorage. In the process of lowering the sails the stays'l was fouled and the gaff jammed. These problems were eventually solved with much swearing and pulling. Then the halyard broke and the whole mess fell down. A



SCANDALIZED

launch sped out from the clubhouse and came alongside. The boy disappeared below, reappearing with his bags. He leaped aboard the launch and embraced his parents.



"Come aboard," the Captain invited.

"No time," the parents shouted as the launch raced off with the grinning kid.

"That's what that desperate phone call was all about," I thought to myself. "I need a drink," I said.

"Good idea," the Captain agreed.

In no time at all we were embroiled in a drunken argument. "How can this boat be an authentic antique," I asked, "when it has a diesel engine, dacron sails, roller reef jib, loran and an aluminum mast. Not to mention that you probably replaced every piece of wood on it."

"You know the old story about the axe," the Captain laughed. "Fellow had an axe. Claimed it was a hundred years old. The handle had been replaced six times and the head three times. But it was still the original axe, a hundred years old. Let's go ashore for the awards."



AUTHENTIC

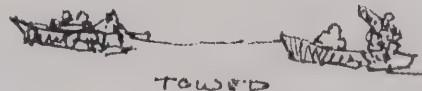
We climbed into the skiff and cast off. Forty pulls on the starter cord. The little beast didn't give off a sound. The Captain sat back winded.

"Want a tow?" a passing ancient mariner offered.

"No one tows me," the Captain shouted truculently, and starts pulling on the cord again.

I toss the bow line to the passing boat. The Captain pulls the starter cord desperately all the time we were being towed. The motor kicked over. They throw off the tow line as we race by them. Soon the little beast coughs and dies. The line is handed back to the tow boat again while the rabid

Captain continues to pull on the cord. Just before we reach the dock, the beast kicks over.



TOWED

"Throw off the tow line," the Captain orders. The two boats bump the dock. The Captain grumbles with satisfaction. "Tie up, I'm going to see what's been decided about the race." He charges up the gangway, and in a short time I can hear an argument over the results of the cancelled race.

The ancients assemble in the club room. The most ancient of the ancients silences the argument. "Brethren, I've got these awards and I'm damned if I'm going to take them home with me again this year. So in order to shut up the loudest skipper in the fleet, we're going to give him first place!"

Loud applause. The Captain proudly stepped forward. "And don't make a speech," the ancient warned.



AWARD -

"Thank you, but this'll never shut me up. There should be no doubt I won that race. Besides, it's all in fun. It's the comradeship that matters..."

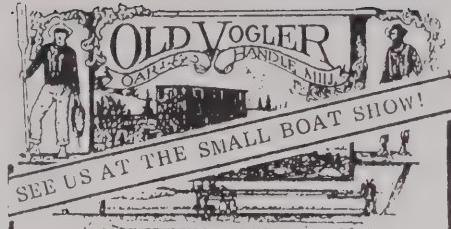
"Oh, for God's sake, shut up and let me get rid of the rest of these," the ancient said with good-natured irritation.

From this experience I have resolved to always sail alone. One miserable son-of-a-Sinbad on a boat is enough. And this miserable son will never think of racing ever again!



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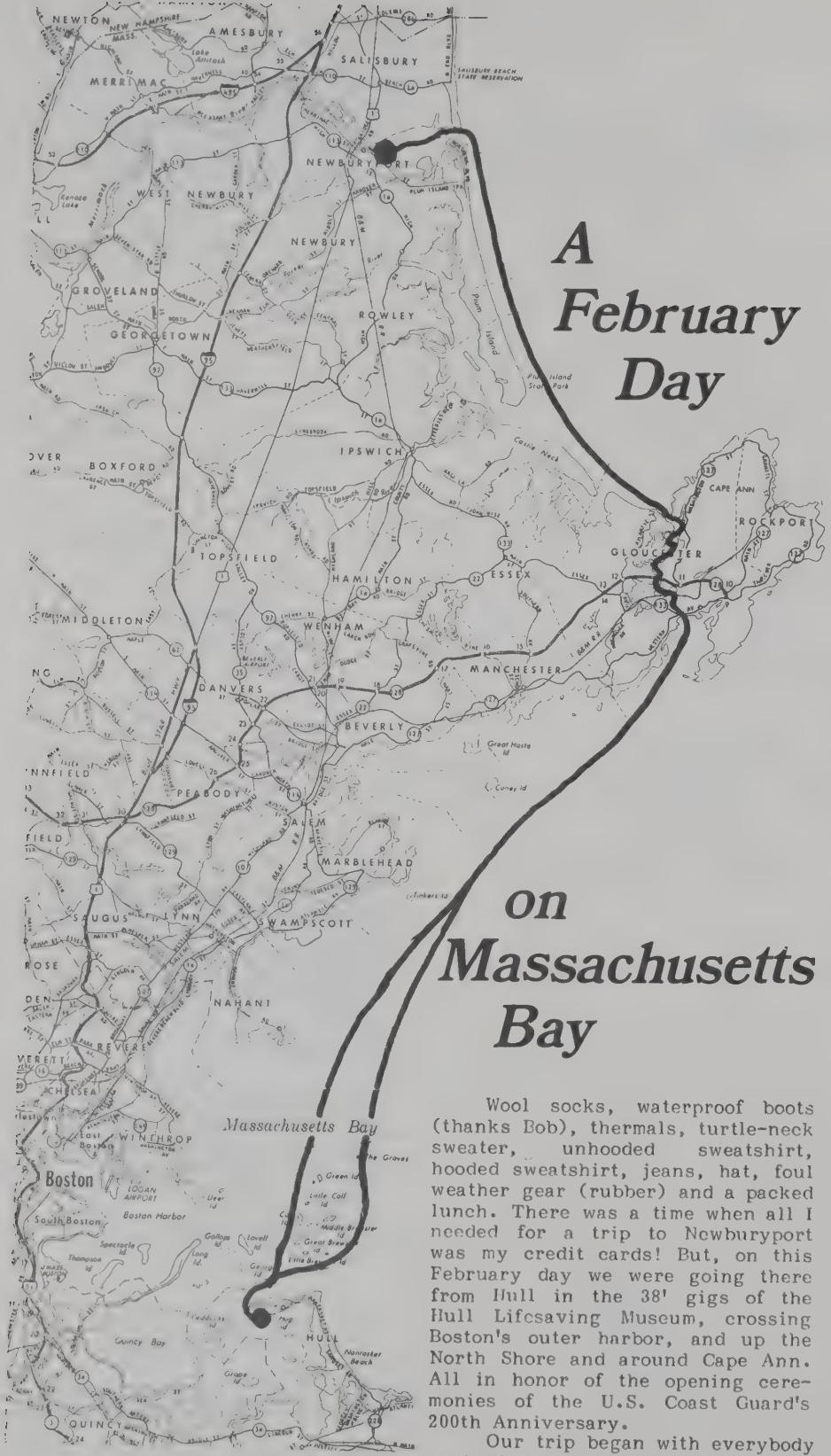


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A February Day on Massachusetts Bay

Wool socks, waterproof boots (thanks Bob), thermals, turtle-neck sweater, unhooded sweatshirt, hooded sweatshirt, jeans, hat, foul weather gear (rubber) and a packed lunch. There was a time when all I needed for a trip to Newburyport was my credit cards! But, on this February day we were going there from Hull in the 38' gigs of the Hull Lifesaving Museum, crossing Boston's outer harbor, and up the North Shore and around Cape Ann. All in honor of the opening ceremonies of the U.S. Coast Guard's 200th Anniversary.

Our trip began with everybody gathering at the boathouse on Windmill Point around sunrise. When we were as organized as we can be, our two crews went over to the Coast Guard Station to prepare the gigs for the journey. Then after arranging the crews, and a last minute pit stop, we were off.

Both gigs rowed through Hull Gut and then raised sail on the other side of Windmill Point. Ed and his crew took off towards Bos-

The course from Hull to Newburyport travels northeast along the Massachusetts north shore after crossing Boston Harbor, thence through the Annisquam River shortcut, bypassing the extremity of Cape Ann, and then north/northwest along that "eighth continent", Plum Island and into the Merrimac River. It's a long haul.

ton Light to pick up the Coast Guard Rocks that we were to deliver to the Newburyport Coast Guard Station. Jimmy's crew, in which I was included, followed them out, but when we saw the trouble they were having picking up the rocks, Jimmy had us back out of harm's way.

Since Ed was finally able to pick up both Coast Guard Rocks, each gig then took off on its own route to Newburyport. Ed went on out around the harbor islands while Jimmy, assisted by Al and Craig, maneuvered us up through the islands. This resulted in our getting a few miles ahead of Ed and his Coast Guard escort boat.

Since we were not rowing, with the wind fair for sailing, we had a chance to sit back and watch the scenery go by. What a view! The islands were all interesting to look over, the birds were startled by our presence in winter and didn't appreciate the intrusion. We were all pretty excited as the gig was flying along at 8 knots! We took the opportunity afforded by not having to row to eat lunch, swap stories and listen to some tunes on the radio. All the comforts of home. Well, almost all. I had never viewed the coast from the ocean before and found it breathtaking. A drive along the shore just doesn't give you the same impression.

Whenever the Coast Guard escort boat would come over, Clay and his crew were well entertained. Between our dancer, our jester and just plain show-offs (note I mention no names) in our crew, their video crew didn't know where to shoot first. And their visits brought us news from Ed's boat and what was going on with them.

When we got close to Gloucester the wind died and it was time to take up the oars. By now the temperature was close to sixty, what a day for February! We were taking off all the extra clothing we had needed earlier in the day. It was a hot row for winter but did feel good. We still were able to ogle the storefront estates, and people walking the shore, on this surprisingly mild mid-winter day, were surprised to see us rowing along in the open ocean, laughing, talking and enjoying ourselves.

After rowing for about an hour we arrived at the Annisquam River. I was so surprised when they opened the highway bridge for us. People were watching and commenting on the scene we presented and this was kind of exciting to be involved in. Many people along the river banks were out in their yards and were curious about our presence. A few motorboats were on the river but the only other small boat that impressed us was the lone kayaker who paddled by and gave us a cheery hello. His brogue was as thick as the fog! The rest of

the trip up the river wasn't too exciting, after a while how many cute little houses can you look at?

By now our crew started to feel like we'd hit the "Twilight Zone". Since Ed's gig was a ways back, Jimmy organized us into half-crew rowing sets in ten to fifteen minute sets. On break we drank water, munched sandwiches and just rested. As we came out into Ipswich Bay and headed north along Plum Island we took a vote and decided that Plum Island must be the eighth continent. I mean, THAT island just went on for an eternity! Every time someone asked where we were off, Jimmy would reply, "Plum Island". It might not have been so boring were the scenery warm and inviting, but it was just that endless beach and dunes, like the surface of the moon, color and all.

After a reporter came by to interview us in a Coast Guard boat, we looked back and noticed that the other gig was now closing up on us fast. At first we couldn't figure out how, we knew we were tired but so were they. Then Al noticed the Coast Guard boat had its "tow lights" on and this revealed to us that Ed's gig was indeed now under tow. When they came alongside they asked if we too wanted to be towed, but we declined, no question in anyone's mind, we wanted to keep on rowing.

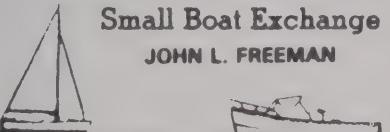
Those last few miles were difficult and we don't pretend they weren't. For myself, the personal satisfaction of making it to the mouth of the Merrimac River before we accepted the tow upstream to the Coast Guard base was a victory for all of us in Jimmy's crew. What a crew!

Jimmy's crew: Lisa Albamonte, George Bain, Al Kenney, Lisa Kupstas, Johanna Lawlor, Debbi Marinelli, Bernie Smith, Craig Wolfe, Al (Coast Guard) and Phil (Shipyard).

Ed's crew: Dana Bothwick, Rob Fairbairn, Raphael Garcia, Pat Greatorex, Katie Lawhorn, Bill Pollock, Scotty Thornburn, Leno, and Joe Coast Guard.

Debbi Marinelli.

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The Thayer-Booth trailer convoy arrived at the Life Saving Museum of Virginia about 11:30 a.m. after a quick and pleasant trip terminating in a couple of U-turns on congested Atlantic Avenue in Virginia Beach. We were greeted by Angus Murdoch and his crew of jovial and dedicated volunteers, who assigned us spaces in the carefully staked out grassy plot next to the Museum.

We settled in, visited around with the brothers and lamented our forgotten chairs. Fortunately, visitors were so sparse that even the dedicated commercial types could devote some time to an appreciation of the limbs and skin that abounded on the adjacent beach this first weekend in April.

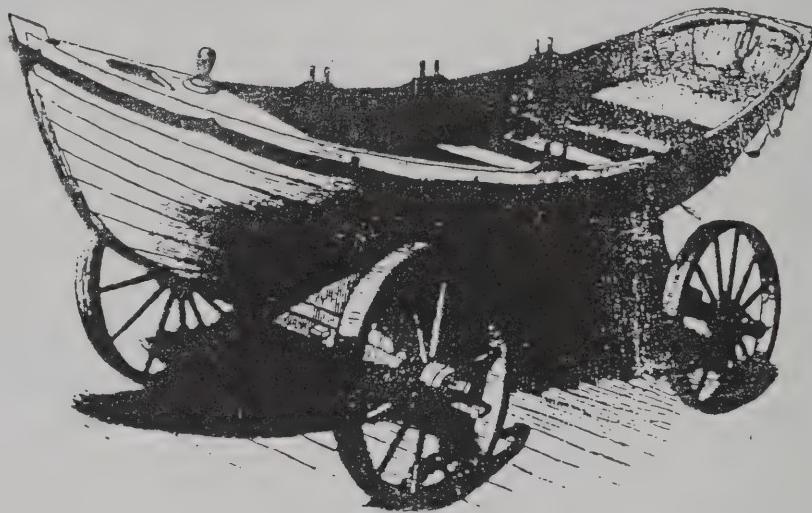
BEACH BUST. The previous day's forecast had predicted the late afternoon arrival of a cold front, which in these parts is often accompanied by "rain, locally heavy" and "strong winds". The southwest wind of the afternoon had been strong enough to require staking down my rather skittish craft. I felt comfortable even in view of the end-of-the-world cloud that was building in the west.

The Museum staff, after listening to local tornado alerts, were urging everyone to really batten down, so boats were being roped onto trailers and little boats were turned upside down.

The onset was more in the nature of a boiler explosion than a meteorological phenomenon. I don't remember just what I was doing at the time, but found myself running for the Ducker, which had whirled over and was tugging at its pitiful little stake. Jerking up the stake, I dug in my heels and followed her across the yard like a steer bulldogger, 'til I could get a hitch on one of the steel stakes of the collapsed "Big Top". I wondered idly at the time if the Hog Heaven Restaurant people were sealed underneath. I later found that the H.H. lady, alerted by her table going over the fence, decamped in the nick of time.

Leaving the Ducker streaming from its tether, I went to rescue the Express, which Bob Booth was trying to prevent from crawling under the trailer. Taking the bow while Bob hung onto the stern, we were working around to the lee side of the trailer when a vicious gust caught Bob on the downwind side of the boat and steamrollered him right into the sod. Simon came running to the rescue, so I held onto the boat with a clear conscience. By the time we put a few more strings on Bob's boat, we had relaxed enough to discover that we were all soaked to the skin. We therefore repaired to our nearby motel where we dried out externally and reheated internally with an extract of old crows that Bob, in his many years as a veterinarian has

HERITAGE SMALL BOAT SHOW



found beneficial. Bob ruefully admits that he has been going downhill ever since turning eighty, but still, he held up remarkably well.

The bogs finally returned to a reasonable degree of functioning, we went straightaway to the station where we were gladdened to find the bar open and the cheese laid on. Three fellows with suitably subdued acoustical enhancement entertained with fine folk, which however, left my Burl Ives mentality wondering where we were at.

Booze and cheese do not a balanced diet make, so we followed Dan to Muir Marine, where lovely wife Robin smilingly supervised three cuddly little Muirs and a couple of neighbors, while two large pizzas were rent and spent. Extracting our now downey duds from the dryer, we headed for the Colonial, where we fell in the feathers and slept like the pharohs.

On the Saturday I was across the street to MacD's at sunup for my morning fix and it looked like a beautiful day. Certainly we had earned it. But it was not to be. By the time we trickled down to the coffee shop (recommended) for breakfast, it was solid overcast, which, with a cold wind for emphasis, reminded us that the March lion was still on the prowl. Bob was into his oilies ere long and I forsook the shorts for long pants and a windsuit by noon.

As for customers, there were none, but fortunately we could entertain ourselves by reliving the Battle of 24th Street. Final tally was two boats holed, the Big Top flattened (in its embarrassment it went home early on Saturday), one table gone to sea, and innumerable nicks and gouges.

Actually, the trouble started early Friday when Howard Mittleman, down from North River Boatworks, went for a row with his lovely friend in the Rushton. Coming in through the surf, they got all tangled up and put a paddle through the cedar, and so cancelled out.

WHERE THEY AT? The lack of customers was impossible to figure, being as we were in the midst of a very large boating population and on the doorstep of the world's largest naval base. Norfolk abounds in waters suitable for small boats. No TV, maybe. We were scheduled for some tape on Friday but were usurped by a quadruple gang murderer, hardly newsworthy these days, I would think. About four, Dan and I gave it up for another treatment of old crow juice. Sun over the yardarm only holds if there is sun.

We were back at six to find the bar freshly stocked and the Hog Heaven people dishing out barbecue 'til one hollered oink. The well-behaved Muir and Fletcher children (not an ankle-biter in the lot) contributed to the warm family atmosphere, and for those craving more gales, Irving Johnson was going 'round the Horn for the umpteenth time. We bagged it up, desperately belching hickory smoke.

IT'S GOTTA GET BETTER. Sunday found us on station with bright sun and a carbide toothed wind off the sea which didn't lose its edge 'til pack-up time. I sacked out in the boat to catch some rays out of the wind and attracted a school of little folk who delighted in cleaning their shoes before entering to slide on the thwart. As the twig is bent.

AWARD TIME. The judges had been going around obviously giving

everything a very critical look. Four categories had been specified but they upped them to eight to cover the wide diversity. Happily, they stood up there and explained their rationale and rating system. Their slant on value helped the multi-purpose boats.

First award, hopefully never to be given again, was accepted with chagrin by Roy Newton for a six inch hole through the top side of his strip planked Chapelle Whitehall. Best value went to Brad Bebee (age 12) and John Norris (age 13) who built a 10 foot pram, "The Wild Thing" under direction of Enno Reckendorf at the Norfolk School of Boatbuilding. Best amateur, wood, went to Bob Booth for his little glued lap sailing Whitehall. The two very well done sea skiffs of Nelson Silva got best production, wood. Best production, fiberglass, went to my lightweight partly decked Express Whitehall.

Best of show, and a foregone conclusion I thought, went to Simon Fletcher for his 14 foot "Trophy" Speedliner Replica and a plywood dinghy. One expects that speedboat replicas will be showy and perfect, so the boat that really took my fancy was the dinghy. It's very nice model indicated that the fancy ply had accepted some persuasion. Fit and finish were faultless. Sharing the award was Simon's lovely wife Jane who does the varnish work. Any boatbuilder should be so lucky.

Other boats included Dan Muir's very nice little glued lap canoe and Enno's plain but well built G. Gull dory and a pram. A nicely done Whisp rowing boat went begging for only \$900. A look down the side of a rather ordinary glass lapstrake powerboat indicated that the plug builder hadn't.

WHAT SHOW? I was just back from Colorado when Bob called and told me I had better go to this event. The price was right; \$20 first boat and \$10 subsequent, so I threw some paint and varnish at two old Express Whitehalls (one having lain eight years in the Colorado sun), washed off Cortes Paul's old Ducker, and loaded up.

Barely unloaded on Friday, I was approached by an older lady who wanted a rowing boat but pleaded poverty. Her brother allowed that he would write a check for \$700 on the spot. I averred that it was a little early to be cutting prices and suggested that they come back late Sunday. The rest of the weekend I talked to only three or four halfway serious prospects.

Sunday, boats all loaded and within minutes of pulling out, I noticed them standing by the trailer. The mental buzzer went off, smile clicked into place, cap snapped to jaunty angle, and I approached with purposeful but not unseemly speed to lay on a cordial but, I hope, not too fulsome greet-

ing. These people had rowed a skiff as children and now, recently retired, were anxious to get back on the water. They did, of course, want to economize and so I found myself musing aloud about how a fine model like the Express would slide effortlessly, swanlike, over the glittering wavelets and through the sun-dappled shadows.

That taken care of, we came to oars. They would pick up some at the local hardware! I was, by turns, aghast, shocked, appalled, saddened, then hopeful, and finally lyrical, as I held the graceful wand effortlessly at arm's length. Suddenly, short one Whitehall and my personal Shaw & Tenney's, I shook with them and arranged delivery scarcely a mile off my home-bound track. It only takes one buyer to turn a boat show around. So far as I know, it was the only sale, although Bob has a hot lead.

EVALUATION. There were hardly any lookers, let alone buyers. You gotta have TV and a Sunday supplement piece on the joys of traditional boats. Explain. Most people think a traditional boat is one without metalflake. Stage something fun like jousting on the boardwalk with oars and bicycles; something dramatic like setting up the Lyle gun and bringing naked damsels off a burning hulk. Maybe even a quadruple murder if the volunteers are game?

The cost was very reasonable, especially if you factor in two bars and a barbecue. The coffee machine was always perking and you are made to feel truly welcome in the office. The volunteers are uniformly cheerful, helpful and on the ball. The Museum is small but interesting and the Forbes Toy Boat

Collection with a super video that was on display was an unexpected bonus. The parks department stage was ready until blown away by the weather, so the music people made do from inside with a door open. For the public it was a runaway bargain. One buck got you into the show and the Museum too!

It was off season and motels were \$25 double. The beach had plenty of interest for Dad, Mom could tan out and the Kids could have sand as far as the eye could see. I suspect it will be a scheduled a couple of weeks later next year.

ROSY AFTERGLOW. Chewing on it Sunday night, Bob and I agreed it had been an exemplary effort. Organization, personnel, food, drink, entertainment, jury, awards, and everything were right on. The crowd will develop and the sales will come. In the meantime, get signed up for next year and enjoy.

Bob said he was going to make a cherry frame for his award. Heck, I might even make one too. For sure, you will hear a lot about "Best Production Fiberglass"!

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT. Thank you, Angus Murdoch and Crew.
Jim Thayer, Mechanicsville, VA.

ED. NOTE. The Life Saving Museum of Virginia is located at 24th St. & Oceanfront, Virginia Beach, VA 23451. You can learn more about the "Best Production Fiberglass" award winner from Jim Thayer, 2106 Atlee, Mechanicsville, VA 23111. And if you enjoyed Jim's writing, you'll love his "Tholepin" small boat newsletter, send him \$3 for a sample copy and all his literature to boot.

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Since last we talked, as I predicted, we had the winter's only substantial snowfall. It blew quite hard out of the northeast. At times we had true blizzard conditions, and it lasted the requisite three days. But all we got was a scrawny 8". The following two days were gloriously clear, crisp, and brilliant. Cross country skiers had a field day for about two days. Then it all turned to granite, and has hung around tenaciously ever since. The weather quacks forecast a couple of early spring days in a row, so I'll down tools on my other projects in favor of "Jolyon".

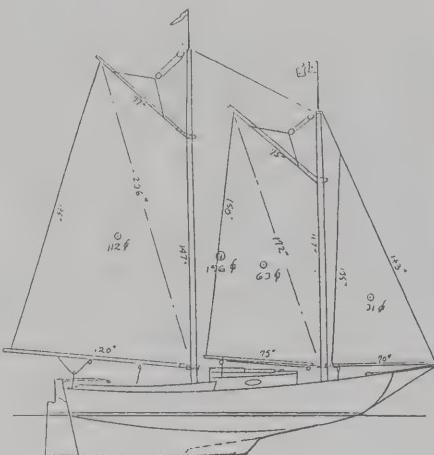
Jack Frost notwithstanding, I've made a substantial dent in the jobs to do on her. Not the twelve jobs I facetiously predicted last time, but a good dent. First thing I tackled was the cabin top. Ian had cold molded it from three 1/8" thick plies of mahogany. He finished the job by sealing the outside with a skin of fiberglass. It looked beautiful. Unfortunately he wasn't able to clamp the cold molded strips of mahogany with enough pressure for proper curing of the Weldwood Plastic Resin glue he used. It was the best glue we had at the time. It is strong, almost waterproof, easy to mix and use, and is by far the least temperature critical of all glues available. It doesn't have quite the physical characteristics of the resorcinol glue then available. It requires high clamping pressure so the glue line is as thin as possible. It does not have void-filling capability of epoxy. The epoxies then available were hard to use, expensive, critical of temperature and mix ratio, and were much more noxious than they are today. Over the years moisture got into the mahogany, causing it to swell. The glue failed catastrophically, allowing all three plies of mahogany to warp, cup, twist. It was a pity to lose them, but there was no way to save them. They came out very easily with a claw hammer. They've been added to my diminishing supply of kindling.

The fiberglass skin Ian put on was just a ply of 3/4 oz. mat and a ply of 10 oz. cloth. Without the support of the cold molded wood it was very thin and fragile. It survived ten years out in the weather, though. It also survived my onslaught with the claw hammer. The light, flimsy fiberglass skin came away in one piece. Whew! It would have taken quite a lot of work to duplicate the shape it retained.

Once loose, I built a framework from 1x3 furring stock from the lumber yard, hot glued and drywall screwed in place, to hold the shape of the flimsy. Then Maggie and I very gingerly lifted this strange looking basket-of-sticks overboard to be beefed up and rejuvenated.

Incidently, if you haven't discovered it yet, hot glue is the salvation for those of us who are stuck with only two hands. I've

PETER DUFF BUILDS HIMSELF A SCHOONER



Schooner "Jolyon"

PART II

used it for years to hold things together temporarily. The basket-of-sticks is really quite robust. Yet all it takes is a sharp rap to break a hot glue joint. Usually the blob of glue will stay with the more porous piece. It will even stick temporarily to a highly waxed fiberglass mold.

There are many hot glue systems on the market. They range from little hardware store specials using 2" long slugs that you push through the gun with your thumb, to large, industrial-grade guns that take fist size glue slugs. They are for much bigger jobs than any boatbuilder will ever need. The gun I have takes 1/2" diameter by 10" long glue rods. The glue is fed into it by pulling a trigger. Its heater is powerful enough to melt nearly a stick a minute for the occasional obstreperous, large job. The gun cost about \$100. The glue sticks cost about \$.30 each. It's not cheap, but if you're serious about boatbuilding I consider it a worthwhile investment.

While I've got your ear about tools and stuff, there are two other things I'd like to praise: drywall screws and cordless tools. "Drywall screws!" harumphs you. "No self-respecting boat of mine will suffer the indignity of having drywall screws inserted into its tender epidermis."

"Nuts," sez I. In many cases, one or several drywall screws will outperform clamps at holding an odd joint together while the glue cures, then back them out. There are many cases where they can be driven in, where a nail can not. The basket-of-sticks I've just made is a good example. It could not have been nailed together. The hot glue joints wouldn't

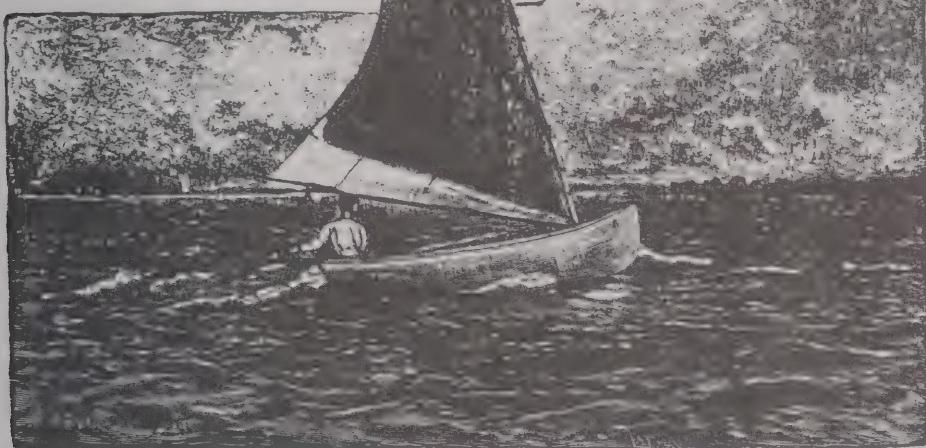
have stood it. Drywall screws hold the sticks together with no trauma . . . and, they're cheap enough so that even a scotsman like me has no qualms about deep sixing them, rather than carefully retrieving them when I am done with the basket-of-sticks. In something so crude and slap-dash, pilot holes are unnecessary. Drywall screws are designed to be self-starting. We've even found they will self-start in fiberglass. I use four sizes: 1", 1 1/4", 1 5/8", and 2 1/2" long by no. 6 wire. I buy them in 500 or 1000 piece boxes.

For drywall screws to make any sense, you gotta have a power driver. I grew up in a small, comfortable, old-shoe boatyard. They had the best power screw driver I've ever used. It was about the size of a quarter inch electric drill. What was unusual about it was that it turned at only 300-400 RPM. And boy did it have power! It'd drive #14 wood screws into oak without even slowing down. And that was with slotted screws, not Phillips or Reed and Prince. And that tool was at least three times as old as I was. When I bought my first electric screwdriver I took the slowest one I could find--1500 rpm, and they went up to 4000 RPM! I've still got it, in practically new condition. It was so fast it would strip the cross right out of a Phillips head, or break the head off #10 stainless steel self-tapping screw. Since then I've bought a lot of power screw drivers. The air powered are the best. They can be had in slow speed models, and the speed can be modulated by the trigger. And they seem to last for ever. On the liability side, you need a substantial compressor, air hose is more awkward than electric cord, and they are hellishly expensive. For carrying to obscure jobs, and for getting into obscure places on those jobs, a cordless drill is indispensable. It's the tool I use most. Of the five or six brands I've owned or tried, including much touted Japanese and German models, I award first prize to the one from Black and Decker. Except that the chuck supplied with it is as bit mickey mouse, in every other aspect it is champion. It seems to hold more charge, hold it longer, and replenish more rapidly than any other. In the five years I've had it, it's needed one new switch, that's all.

While Jolyon's hat is off, there are several jobs that'll be infinitely easier: Paint the inside of the hull and under side of the deck, cut portlight openings, fit and install the cabin sole, restore and refinish the cabin sides, and probably others. But I want to get her buttoned up quickly. If only the weather will cooperate.....

Come and have a look. Tell me what I'm doing wrong. Hopefully you'll show up just in time to give me that third hand in a place where hot glue won't work. Give me a jingle for directions and to be sure I'll be here. 508-758-4991

Modest Adventures



A MORNING ON MARROWSTONE ISLAND

There are those among us who are always building on our boats, and there are those who just seem to do a lot of boating, and so it was that in the early hours of one autumn morning I was trudging down the dock with tools tucked under my arm when I spotted the little ketch. My pace slowed and I found my eyes drawn approvingly over her graceful sheer, her beamy and spacious hull and her varnished spars. She was anchored snugly down at the bottom end of the bay, her dark green fullness nestled into her dark green reflection, having come in the evening before, no doubt, to find a place not far off the end of the dock where the water was smooth and she could spend a quiet night.

She seemed at first quite large until compared with the figure of her sole occupant, who now appeared on deck. She might be 23', maybe 26', but not more. Handsome wooden craft of any sort are not too often seen these days, so in my thoughts I heartily wished her well on this beautiful misty morning and stood a moment communing with the silent figure on her deck. Silhouetted against the rosy waters, he stretched and peered about his dew-dampened vessel. Then he disappeared down the companionway, presumably breakfast-wards, and I turned and continued my progress down the dock.

When next I poked my head up the companionway and looked, he was stirring about on deck again, more purposefully this time, and I perceived he planned to get underway. The lazy autumn sun was up and by now the first whispers of the south wind as well, which probably would hold for an hour or so, then come round to the north as it usually did in fine weather, and I noted approvingly that his

early start would carry him downwind out of the bay in about half an hour, a distance it would take him maybe twice as long to tack if he were to wait for the true wind of the day.

A gaffer she proved to be, with old cotton sails by the look of them, sails which, as he shook them out, caught the morning light with a warm apricot glow (nothing like the dark ox-blood color they call tanbark these days), and as she came alive to become a moving part of the day, I was surprised at the ease with which I became that figure on deck. Mine was the hand that swayed on the halyards, that hauled the light anchor over the side; it was I who moved swiftly along the deck to put over the tiller and pay out the sheets; then she bore off and filled away, her canvas lifting, the wake streaming from under her counter, so that she was soon well out on the water, and I was back on the dock looking after.

It was some minutes I waited there, watching her steady progress farther and farther away til at last the copius mists rising off the waters folded round her and took her into their own. The sails dissolved in a shimmer of light and she was gone. Where would she go? Around the point and south into the shipping channel? North into the islands? I was not to know, but I will know for me one day soon when the time is come.

Kitty Reithel, from the Newsletter of the Philadelphia TSCA.

FINE LINGERIE ON THE WATER

Now that the days are longer and the ice is out, as part of getting into shape for my upcoming trip to paddle Pond Inlet on Baffin Island this summer, I am spending quite a bit of time rowing in my Alden. This is such a beautiful time of the year, when the weather

is being reasonable. I have the Sound to myself, except for the ducks which I enjoy spotting and identifying through my binoculars before they fly off.

This is the best time of year to be out here on the water paddling or rowing because there's no other type of boat on the water to disrupt the environment. On a warm sunny day if I were to row topless, or get an all-over tan, it's just like being off in the middle of nowhere. Or maybe just wearing some light lingerie? I don't recommend the lacy type though, it leaves bumps on your buns and patterns in your tan, the silky smooth type is better!

When the sun goes down, I go back into layers of thinsulate, polypropylene and wool with a good windshell over all, in benign conditions. My lifejacket has a strobe light and an EPIRB because the water is still very cold and cold water kills. And I do heed the marine weather forecast before venturing forth alone into the quiet wilderness that is Long Island Sound in early spring.

Gail Ferris, Stony Creek, CT.

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VOYAGE OF THE PAPER CANOE:

A GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNEY OF 2500 MILES, FROM
QUEBEC TO THE GULF OF MEXICO,
DURING THE YEARS 1874-5.

BY
NATHANIEL H. BISHOP,

CHAPTER X.

FROM CAPE HATTERAS TO CAPE FEAR, NORTH CAROLINA.

MOREHEAD CITY. — NEWBERN. — SWANSBORO. — A PEA-NUT PLANTATION. — THE ROUTE TO CAPE F. AR.

At dawn the canoe was put into Core Sound, and I followed the western shore, cheered by the bright sun of our Saviour's natal day. At noon the mouth of the thoroughfare between Harker's Island and the mainland was unintentionally passed, and I rowed along by the side of the island next Fort Macon, which is inside of the angle made by Cape Lookout.

Finding it impossible to reach Newbern *via* Morehead City that day, the canoe was beached upon the end of Harker's Island, where I breakfasted at the fashionable hour of two p. m., with men, women, and children around me. My mode of cooking the condensed food and liquid beef, so quickly prepared for the palate, and the remarkable boat of *paper*, all filled the islanders with wonder. They were at first a little shy, looking upon the apparition — which seemed in some wonderful way to have dropped upon their beach — with the light of curiosity in their eyes.

Then, as I explained the many uses to which paper was put, even to the paying off of great national debts, my audience became very friendly, and offered to get me up a Christmas dinner in their cabins among the groves of trees near the strand, if I would tarry with them until night.

But time was precious; so, with thanks on my part for their kind offers, we parted, they helping me launch my little boat, and waving a cheerful adieu as I headed the canoe for Beaufort, which was quietly passed in the middle of the afternoon.

Three miles further on, the railroad pier of Morehead City, in Bogue Sound, was reached, and a crowd of people carried the canoe into the hotel. A telegram was soon received from the superintendent of the railroad at Newbern, inviting me to a free ride to the city in the first train of the following morning.

The reader who has followed me since I left the chilly regions of the St. Lawrence must not have his patience taxed by too much detail, lest he should weary of my story and desert my company. Were it not for this fear, it would give me pleasure to tell how a week was passed in Newbern; how the people came even from interior towns to see the paper canoe; how some, doubting my veracity, slyly stuck the blades of their pocket-knives through the thin sides of the canoe, forgetting that it had yet to traverse many dangerous inlets, and that its owner preferred a tight, dry boat to one punctured by knives. Even old men became enthusiastic, and when I was absent from my little craft, an uncontrollable ambition seized them, and they got into the frail shell as it rested upon the floor of a hall, and threatened its destruction. It seemed impossible to make one gentleman of Newbern understand that when the boat was in the water she was resting upon all her bearings, but when out of water only upon a thin strip of wood.

"By George," said this stout gentleman in a whisper to a friend, "I told my wife I would get into that boat if I smashed it."

"And what did the lady say, old fellow?" asked the friend.

"O," he replied, "she said, 'Now don't make a fool of yourself, Fatness, or your ambition may get you into the papers,'" and the speaker fairly shook with laughter.

While at Newbern, Judge West and his brother organized a grand hunt, and the railroad company sent us down the road eighteen miles to a wild district, where deer, coons, and wild-fowl were plentiful, and where we hunted all night for coons and ducks, and all day for deer. Under

these genial influences the practical study of geography for the first time seemed dull, and I became aware that, under the efforts of the citizens of Newbern to remind me of the charms of civilized society, I was, as a travelling geographer, fast becoming demoralized.

Could I, after the many pleasures I was daily enjoying, settle down to a steady pull and one meal a day with a lunch of dry crackers; or sleep on the floor of fishermen's cabins, with fleas and other little annoyances attendant thereon? Having realized my position, I tore myself away from my many new friends and retraced my steps to Morehead City, leaving it on Tuesday, January 5th, and rowing down the little sound called Bogue towards Cape Fear.

As night came on I discovered on the shore a grass cabin, which was on the plantation of Dr. Emmett, and had been left tenantless by some fisherman. This served for shelter during the night, though the struggles and squealings of a drove of hogs attempting to enter through the rickety door did not contribute much to my repose.

The watercourses now became more intricate, growing narrower as I rowed southward. The open waters of the sound were left behind, and I entered a labyrinth of creeks and small sheets of water, which form a network in the marshes between the sandy beach-islands and the mainland all the way to Cape Fear River. The Core Sound sheet of the United States Coast Survey ended at Cape Lookout, there being no charts of the route to Masonboro. I was therefore now travelling upon *local* knowledge, which proves usually a very uncertain guide.

In a cold rain the canoe reached the little village of Swansboro, where the chief personage of the place of two hundred inhabitants, Mr. McLain, removed me from my temporary camping-place in an old house near the turpentine distilleries into his own comfortable quarters.

There are twenty mullet fisheries within ten miles of Swansboro, which employ from fifteen to eighteen men each. The pickled and dried roe of this fish is shipped to Wilmington and to Cincinnati. Wild-fowls abound, and the shooting is excellent. The fishermen say flocks of ducks seven miles in length have been seen on the waters of Bogue Sound. Canvas-backs are called "raft-ducks" here, and they sell from

twelve to twenty cents each. Wild geese bring forty cents, and brant thirty.

The marsh-ponies feed upon the beaches, in a half wild state, with the deer and cattle, cross the marshes and swim the streams from the mainland to the beaches in the spring, and graze there until winter, when they collect in little herds, and instinctively return to the piny woods of the uplands. Messrs. Weeks and Taylor had shot, while on a four-days' hunt up the White Oak River, twenty deer. Captain H. D. Heady, of Swansboro, informed me that the ducks and geese he killed in one winter supplied him with one hundred pounds of selected feathers. Captain Heady's description of Bogue Inlet was not encouraging for the future prosperity of this coast, and the same may be said of all the inlets between it and Cape Fear.

Rainy weather kept me within doors until Friday, the 7th of January, when I rowed down White Oak River to Bogue Inlet, and turned into the beach thoroughfare, which led me three miles and a half to Bear Inlet. My course now lay through creeks among the marshes to the Stand-Back, near the mainland, where the tides between the two inlets head. Across this shoal spot I traversed tortuous watercourses with mud flats, from which beds of sharp raccoon oysters projected and scraped the keel of my boat.

The sea was now approached from the mainland to Brown's Inlet, where the tide ran like a mill-race, swinging my canoe in great circles as I crossed it to the lower side. Here I took the widest thoroughfare, and left the beach only to retrace my steps to follow one nearer the strand, which conducted me to the end of the natural system of watercourses, where I found a ditch, dug seventy years before, which connected the last system of waters with another series of creeks that emptied their waters into New River Inlet.

Emerging from the marshes, my course led me away from New River Inlet, across open sheets of water to the mainland, where Dr. Ward's cotton plantation occupied a large and cultivated area in the wilderness. It was nearly two miles from his estate down to the inlet. The intervening flats among the island marshes of New River were covered with natural beds of oysters, upon which the canoe scraped as I crossed to the narrow entrance of Stump Sound.

Upon rounding a point of land I found, snugly ensconced in a grove, the cot of an oysterman, Captain Risley Lewis, who, after informing me that his was the last habitation to be found in that vicinity, pressed me to be his guest.

The next day proved one of trial to patience and muscle. The narrow watercourses, which like a spider's web penetrate the marshes with numerous small sheets of water, made travelling a most difficult task. At times I was lost, again my canoe was lodged upon oyster-beds in the shallow ponds of water, the mud bottoms of which would not bear my weight if I attempted to get overboard to lighten the little craft.

Alligator Lake, two miles in width, was crossed without seeing an alligator. Saurians are first met with, as the traveller proceeds south, in the vicinity of Alligator Creek and the Neuse River, in the latitude of Pamlico Sound. During the cold weather they hide themselves in the soft, muddy bottoms of creeks and lagoons. All the negroes, and many of the white people of the south, assert, that when captured in his winter bed, this huge reptile's stomach contains the hard knot of a pine-tree; but for what purpose he swallows it they are at a loss to explain.

In twelve miles of tortuous windings there appeared but one sign of human life—a little cabin on a ridge of upland among the fringe of marshes that bordered on Alligator Lake. It was cheering to a lonely canoeist to see this house, and the clearing around it with the season's crop of corn in stacks dotting the field. All this region is called Stump Sound; but that sheet of water is a well-defined, narrow, lake-like watercourse, which was entered not long after I debouched from Alligator Lake. Stump Inlet having closed up eighteen months before my visit, the sound and its tributaries received tidal water from New Topsail Inlet.

It was a cold and rainy evening when I sought shelter in an old boat-house, at a landing on Topsail Sound, soon after leaving Stump Sound. While preparing for the night's camp, the son of the proprietor of the plantation discovered the, to him, unheard-of spectacle of a paper boat upon the gravelly strand. Filled with curiosity and delight, he dragged me, paddle in hand, through an avenue of trees to a hill upon which a large house was located. This was the boy's home. Leaving me on the broad steps of the

veranda, he rushed into the hall, shouting to the family, "Here's a sailor who has come from the north in a PAPER boat."

This piece of intelligence roused the good people to merriment. "Impossible!" "A boat made of paper!" "Nonsense!"

The boy, however, would not be put down. "But it *is* made of paper, I tell you; for I pinched it and stuck my nails into it," he replied earnestly.

"You are crazy, my boy," some one responded; "a paper boat never could go through these sounds, the coon oysters would cut it in pieces. Now tell us, is the sailor made of paper, like his boat?"

"Indeed, mother, what I tell you is true; and, O, I forgot! here's the sailor on the steps, where I left him." In an instant the whole family were out upon the veranda. Seeing my embarrassment, they tried, like well-bred people, to check their merriment, while I explained to them the way in which the boy had captured me, and proposed at once returning to my camp. To this, however, they would not listen; and the charming wife of the planter extended her hand to me, as she said, "No, sir, you will not go back to the wet landing to camp. This is our home, and though marauding armies during the late war have taken from us our wealth, you must share with us the little we have left." This lady with her two daughters, who inherited her beauty and grace of manner, did all in their power to make me comfortable.

Sunday was the coldest day of the season; but the family, whose hospitality I enjoyed, rode seven miles through the woods, some on horseback, some in the carriage, to the little church in a heavy pine forest. The next day proved stormy, and the driving sleet froze upon the trees and bound their limbs and boughs together with an icy veneer. My host, Mr. McMillan, kindly urged me to tarry. During my stay with him I ascertained that he devoted his attention to raising ground-peas, or peanuts. Along the coast of this part of North Carolina this nut is the chief product, and is raised in immense quantities. The latter state alone raises annually over one hundred thousand bushels; while Virginia and Tennessee produce, some years, a crop of seven hundred thousand bushels.

Wednesday opened with partially clearing

weather, and the icy covering of the trees yielded to the softening influences of a southern wind. The family went to the landing to see me off, and the kind ladies stowed many delicacies, made with their own hands, in the bow of the boat. After rowing a half-mile, I took a lingering look at the shore, where those who four days ago were strangers, now waved an adieu as friends. They had been stript of their wealth, though the kind old planter had never raised his hand against the government of his fathers. This family, like thousands of people in the south, had suffered for the rash deeds of others. While the political views of this gentleman differed from those of the stranger from Massachusetts, it formed no barrier to their social intercourse, and did not make him forget to exhibit the warm feelings of hospitality which so largely influence the Southerner. I went to him, as a traveller in search of truth, upon an honest errand. Under such circumstances a Northerner does not require a letter of introduction to nine out of ten of the citizens of the fifteen ex-slave states, which cover an area of eight hundred and eighty thousand square miles, and where fourteen millions of people desire to be permitted to enjoy the same privileges as the Constitution of the United States guarantees to all the states north of Mason and Dixon's line.

From Sloop Landing, on my new friends' plantation, to New Topsail Inlet I had a brisk row of five miles. Vessels drawing eight feet of water can reach this landing from the open sea upon a full tide. The sea was rolling in at this ocean door as my canoe crossed it to the next marsh thoroughfare, which connected it with Old Topsail Inlet, where the same monotonous surroundings of sand-hills and marshes are to be found.

The next tidal opening was Rich Inlet, which had a strong ebb running through it to the sea. From it I threaded the thoroughfares up to the mainland, reaching at dusk the "Emma Nickson Plantation." The creeks were growing more shallow, and near the bulkhead, or middle-ground, where tides from two inlets met, there was so little water and so many oyster reefs, that, without a chart, the route grew more and more perplexing in character. It was a distance of thirty miles to Cape Fear, and twenty miles to New Inlet, which was one of the mouths

of Cape Fear River. From the plantation to New Inlet, the shallow interior sheets of water with their marshes were called Middle, Masonboro, and Myrtle sounds. The canoe could have traversed these waters to the end of Myrtle Sound, which is separated from Cape Fear River by a strip of land only one mile and a half wide, across which a portage can be made to the river. Barren and Masonboro are the only inlets which supply the three little sounds above mentioned with water, after Rich Inlet is passed.

The coast from Cape Fear southward eighty miles, to Georgetown, South Carolina, has several small inlets through the beach, but there are no interior waters parallel with the coast in all that distance, which can be of any service to the canoeist for a coast route. It therefore became necessary for me to follow the next watercourse that could be utilized for reaching Winyah Bay, which is the first entrance to the system of continuous watercourses south of Cape Fear.

The trees of the Nickson Plantation hid the house of the proprietor from view; but upon beaching my canoe, a drove of hogs greeted me with friendly grunts, as if the hospitality of their master infected the drove; and, as it grew dark, they trotted across the field, conducting me up to the very doors of the planter's home, where Captain Moseley, late of the Confederate army, gave me a soldier's hearty welcome.

"The war is over," he said, "and any northern gentleman is welcome to what we have left." Until midnight, this keen-eyed, intelligent officer entertained me with a flow of anecdotes of the war times, his hair-breadth escapes, &c.; the conversation being only interrupted when he paused to pile wood upon the fire, the chimney-place meantime glowing like a furnace. He told me that Captain Maffitt, of the late Confederate navy, lived at Masonboro, on the sound; and that had I called upon him, he could have furnished, as an old officer of the Coast Survey, much valuable geographical information. This pleasant conversation was at last interrupted by the wife of my host, who warned us in her courteous way of the lateness of the hour. With a good-night to my host, and a sad farewell to the sea, I prepared myself for the morrow's journey.



From the Boat Shops

TO BUILD AN ARCTIC KAYAK

Glad to read about the "Boat-builders' Day" at Strawbery Banke in July. I'm building a 17'x25" touring kayak and am looking forward to showing it at the Clearwater Revival in June and at Strawbery Banke in July.

I've had Adney/Chapelle's "Bark and Skin Boats of North America" for many years and have always wanted to build some type of arctic kayak. I've only paddled a short while in a whitewater play-boat and a Nordkapp, so the design of my kayak is mostly drawn from that book, a few issues of "Canoe" and a LOT of input from my back issues of "Messing About in Boats". Plus my own intuition and imagination.

Construction is of butternut stem and stern pieces, white spruce stringers, white cedar ribs, #10 polyester duck cover (yes, "polyester! No rot, no shrink, lighter and stronger.) and latex filler. I anticipate a total weight around 55 pounds.

Jeff Hanna, Oat Canoe Co., RR#2 Box 1900, Mt. Vernon, ME 04352, (207) 293-2694.

THE CHICKEN & THE EGG

Ever since I introduced "Geodesic Airolite Boats" by selling plans and kits, there have been people, who lacked either the time or the skills to build their own, who have inquired about finished boats. Even the Kittery Trading Post is interested in selling my "Nimrod 12" if someone was building it.

I've talked to a number of wooden boat builders and aspiring builders who would like to cash in on an untapped market, but for some reason it has not clicked. Well, no one was ready to build without an order and no one knew from who to order as no one was building. Which comes first?

Well, now there's one builder who is ready. Dave Stimson has been seriously interested in building these boats for some time but

there was always that problem of earning the daily bread. However, his interest was strong enough to prompt him to start working on a "Sweet Pea" in his spare time. His youngster's birthday was the spark to motivate a completion date. Being an experienced builder, he decided to build the boat on a simple male plug and he steamed the ribs to expedite the process. About the time he'd completed the basic frame shell his enthusiasm was building...this was fun work!

At the time, his main shop project was a strip planked 20' fast fishing launch. With the hull about quarter planked, his helper came down with a severe case of epoxy dermatitis. Well, this was the straw that did it. All of a sudden, becoming seriously involved in building "Geodesic Airolite Boats" looked like a great idea.

Now Dave is setting up a production jig to build the "Nimrod 12". His helper, Bert, has started on a "Classic 12" for his family's use. Dave is interested also in supplying kits and pre-cut wooden parts. It looks as if an egg has hatched. Dave Stimson is on River Road in Boothbay, ME 04537, phone (207) 633-7252.

Platt Monfort, Wiscasset, ME.

GETTING READY FOR THE SHOW

Most of my plans for my round bilged kayaks and rowing shells one can build without molds from just two 4'x8' sheets of ply are purchased by U.S. buyers, far more than from here in the U.K. But, perhaps our exhibit at the Wooden Boat Show in Greenwich will change all that. The boats for this exhibition are coming along fine, a sea kayak is completed except for the final coat of varnish, but I want to launch it and take photographs before I apply the "show" coat of varnish. The recreational rowing shell is 19'9"x25" and awaits its deck. The second "fun" kayak is still only lines on paper. I'll send over pics as soon as I have them.

Spring has been late arriving here, it snowed yesterday (April 5th) and is really damp and cold today. It's too cold for gluing, hence I'm writing letters. The workshop I have here is large but the ceiling is too high to make heating it sufficiently for gluing economical when it is really cold.

Keep up the good work spreading the small boat gospel. Should any of your readers care to see my designs, \$2 to cover air mail postage will get them my illustrated flyer.

Dennis Davis, The Flat, Himbleton Manor, Droitwich, WR9 7LE, England.



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* To arrange participation, contact Dave Dupee at (603) 664-9023 or Bob Hicks at (5087) 774-0906.

Plans



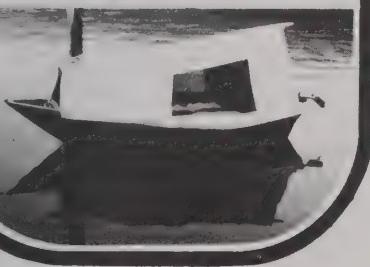
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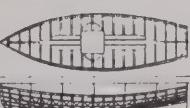
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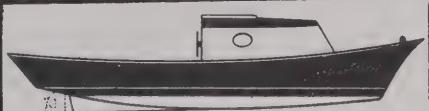


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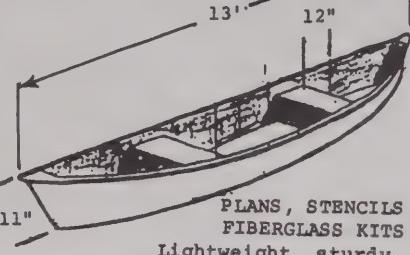
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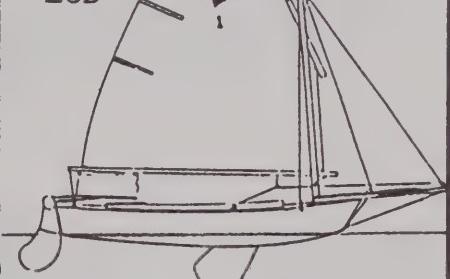
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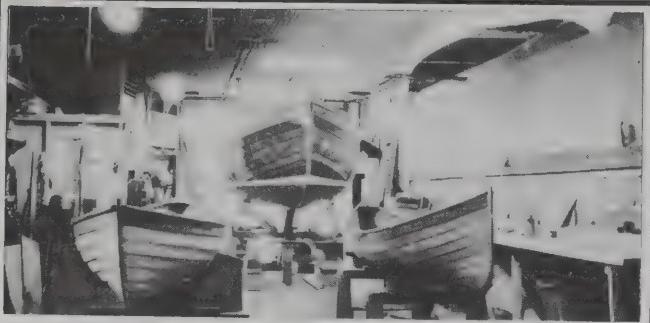
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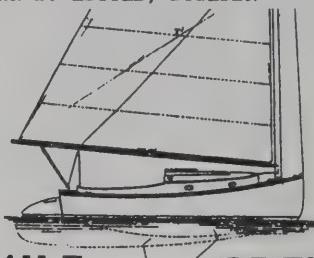
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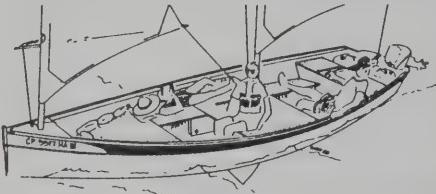
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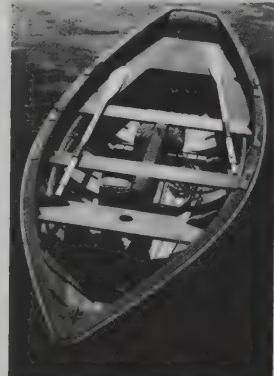
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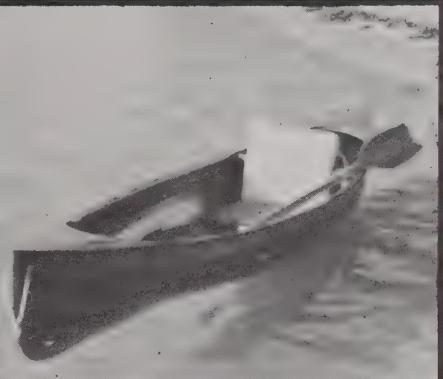
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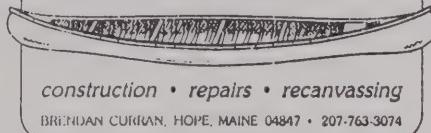
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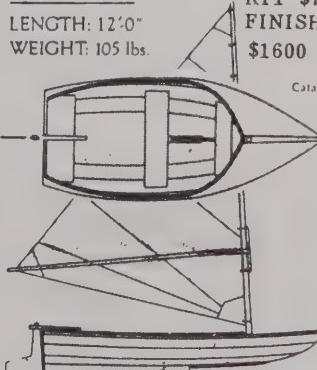
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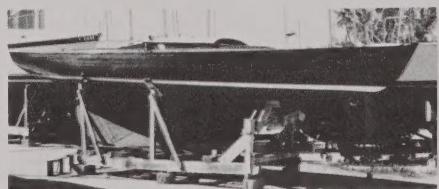
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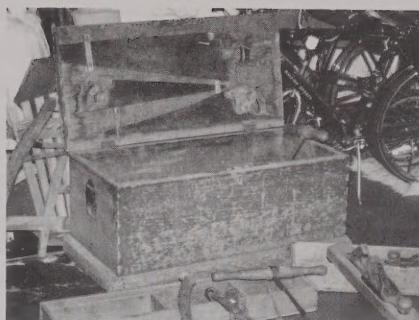
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